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THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

IN continuation of our Court series of portraits, we commence this week to give the principal members of the Royal Household, which embraces the most distinguished, alike by birth, social position, and culture, of the ladies of England; and as Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Sutherland would seem to claim the first place.

Her grace, who married in 1849 George Granville William Sutherland-Leveson-Gower, K.G., the third Duke of Sutherland, and has thus for sisters-in-law the Duchess of Argyll, the Marchioness of Westminster, and the presumptive Duchess of Leinster, is the only child of John Hay Mackenzie, Esq., and in her own right the first Countess of Cromartie. She was born on the 21st April 1829, and the "creation" runs as follows: Countess of Cromartie, Viscountess Tarbat, Baroness Castle-Avon, and Baroness M'Leod, all in the peerage of the United Kingdom, 1861, with right of succession to the second surviving son. Francis, Viscount Tarbat, born in 1852, will therefore, in the ordinary course of events, claim the honour. Her eldest son, Cromartie, Marquis of Stafford, was born in 1851, and besides she has two daughters, Florence, born in 1855, and Alexandra, born in 1866. Cromartie, by the way, is a parliamentary burgh and seaport on a low peninsula between the Moray and Cromartie Firths, on the south side of the entrance into the latter. It is irregularly built, and its olden streets and lanes are in the homely Flemish architecture prevalent in the old towns of the north of Scotland. Hugh Miller, it will be remembered, in whose memory a monument has been erected in the neighbourhood, was a native of Cromartie.

The Duke of Sutherland, the husband of her grace, is a few months her senior, having been born on the 19th December, 1828. He was M.P. for Sutherland from 1852 to 1861, when he succeeded his father and took his seat in the Upper House. At least some of our readers may be interested, too, in knowing that since 1860 he has been Major-Commandant of the 1st Sutherland Rifle Volunteers, and is patron of no less



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

(From a Photograph by Disderi, London and Paris.)

than thirteen livings. Their town residence, as every one must be aware, is that scene of so many brilliant receptions in days gone by, Stafford House, St. James's; while their country seats are certainly amongst the most attractive, if not the largest, in either England or Scotland, including as they do Dunrobin Castle, Golspie; Loch Inver House, Loch Inver, Sutherland; House of Tongue, Lairg; Tarbat House, Ross-shire; Castle Leod, Dingwall; Lilleshall, Newport, Shropshire; and Trentham Hall, Staffordshire. At the latter they have been passing the winter, and it is certainly an enchanting place, Trentham-park, which is, at least in part, thrown open to the public, having long been the great centre of attraction for pleasure-seekers in

all the surrounding towns. On the accession to the title and family honours, the present Duke closed it for a time, but subsequently gave way to the solicitations that were addressed to him on all sides. Speaking of the title, it may be noted in passing that Sutherland is a county in the extreme north of Scotland, bounded on the east by Caithness and the North Sea, on the north and west by the Atlantic, and on the south by Ross and Cromartie. It has an area of 1,207,188 acres, with a population, in 1861, of 25,246 persons. It received its name from the Northmen, who frequently descended upon and pillaged it prior to the twelfth century, and called it the Southern Land, as being the limit on the south of their settlements. The whole of the county, except about one-twentieth part, belongs to the Duke of Sutherland.

Her grace is, as we have said, Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, perhaps the most confidential and dignified relation in which a lady can well stand to Royalty, and one that necessarily brings her into close personal friendly contact with the Sovereign, and must greatly aid her, therefore, if ambitious of that distinction, of becoming an acknowledged leader of taste and fashion. The late Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, who died in the autumn of 1868, and whose portrait we published at the time, held, it will be remembered, the same office under each Liberal Administration that had been in power during the long period of twenty-four years—that between

Her Majesty's accession to the throne in 1837 and the death in 1861 of the late Duke of Sutherland, when she resigned. The post was subsequently held by the Duchess of Argyll, who was compelled by illness to resign last year, when the subject of our sketch was installed.

For the benefit of those who take pleasure in stately ceremonials and heraldic devices, it may be worth noting here that the mantle or surcoat which a duke wears at the coronation of king or queen is of crimson velvet lined with white taffetas, and his Parliamentary robes are of fine scarlet cloth lined with taffetas, and doubled with four yards of ermine at equal distances, with gold lace above each guard.

A Rainy Day.

PART II.



UT the winter of 1868 proved a memorable one for these poor women; not that it was bleaker than other winters, if so bleak; not that they were grown older as well as their house; not that fuel and provisions were higher, nor that the world turned a colder shoulder to them than was its wont. But Matilda was losing the sight of one eye, which made her incapable of doing her mite to the maintenance, as heretofore, and Hannah had been laid up with a rheumatic attack, which had had the effect altogether of reducing their finances to a decimal, when, to crown the whole, David came home one night with an aching head, and by morning he was down with a fever. If he had been their own son they could not have done better by him than they did now. Hannah, notwithstanding her enfeebled health, put on her cloak, and travelled through the new-fallen snow for Dr. Elderberry (a friend of theirs, whom they had associated with in better days), while Tilly steeped some pennyroyal and prepared mustard baths. The Doctor came and wrote a prescription, and said on leaving—

"If he has any friends, you had better send for them." "He has a mother, poor woman," replied Hannah, through her tears. Then she searched among his things, and found the direction and handed it to the Doctor. "If you would be so good, Dr. Elderberry, to drop her a line! The rheumatism, you see, cramps my hand so I couldn't write a letter, and Matilda's eyes fail her."

The Doctor gave an impatient shrug of the shoulders, and, sitting down again, scratched off a few urgent words, affixing his own name, and directing to "Mrs. D. T. Thorpe," at some small town in the North.

A few days later, while the fever was still on the increase, the Doctor remarked, taking up his hat to go—

"I'm afraid the young man's mother will not get here, after all; she writes a dreadfully wo-begone sort of letter"—pulling out his account-book—"I thought I had brought it along with me: must have left it in the surgery; however, it doesn't signify; in short, she says she hasn't any money to travel with."

Hannah and Matilda exchanged glances. "Don't you think this is a rainy day?" asked Hannah. Matilda nodded.

"We've forty pounds in the bank, Doctor. It's got to come out sooner or later; it couldn't come in a better cause. How much would it be necessary to send?"

"I suppose five pounds would answer her purpose."

"We will send it to-day," said Hannah.

"But you can't take it out without a fortnight's notice," objected Dr. Elderberry.

"Dear me!" they both sighed, and looked at each other in dismay. Money in the bank, and no power to touch it under fourteen days! Why, they might starve in that time.

"I'll advance you the money," said Dr. Elderberry, catching their enthusiasm. "I'll go at once and send the letter with a post-office order."

"Thank you, thank you!" they cried in chorus; "a friend in need is a friend indeed. You shall be repaid as far as money can do it, when the fortnight is over. I'll get our old neighbour, Mr. Burns, to carry the notice to the bank this very day."

"I'll leave it myself, if you like," rejoined the Doctor. "I'm going by the door;" and so he took another look at his patient, and went about his business.

They took turns, these feeble women, to watch night after night at David's bedside, no matter what pain and weariness assailed them; they carried the prescriptions to the druggist's, whatever the weather, with their own hands, and had them made up under their eyes, jealous of possible mistakes.

"I think he was sent to us," said Hannah. "If he should leave us now, it would be like tearing the heart from the living body."

"If I had been his mother," affirmed Matilda, "I would have begged my way rather than delay an instant." It did not occur to Hannah to answer that she had begged her way, in fact. And then they spoke softly of David's virtues, of his goodness; how like a son he had been to them, shedding tears between the words—never so happy as when they were saying or doing something for him!

"How handsome he is!" said Matilda once, while bathing the unconscious head; "does he ever remind you of any one?"

"Yes," answered Hannah, turning away her face. Dr. Elderberry dropped in next day to say, among other things, that Mrs. Thorpe was on her way, and would probably reach town by nightfall of the following day; the fever had not yet turned; it was running high; but he hoped that, with David's constitution, there would be strength left to build on. Matilda put the neglected rooms to rights, and did a very little extra cooking by way of preparation for their expected guest; she polished the furniture with sweet-oil and hartsorn; filled a pair of China vases, bought at a long ago fair, with paper flowers—a very convenient arrangement, as the vases refused to hold water, and the tissue roses could live without it; so she sighed over the cracked porcelain, a remnant of ancient luxury, and looked nervously out of the window at every passer-by. But dusk drew down, and no one had knocked at the door.

Hannah had left David's side for the first time that day, and had gone down to drink a hasty cup of tea, to keep her awake during the long vigil to come, when the door softly opened, and there was a rustle of garments in the entry, and the creaking of boots as Dr. Elderberry stepped into the room.

Hannah sat there before the weary blaze sipping her tea, and thinking, with tears in her hungry eyes, of her old grief and her new; the firelight flitted across the ceiling, and mimicked itself in the darkening window-pane, flashed in the scant display of

glass on the old sideboard, and encircled the brooding woman in a sort of tender halo; she was so abstracted that she had not heard Dr. Elderberry enter—did not know of his nearness till he touched her gently, saying:—

"So you are taking a little rest. That's right. Here is some one who will thank you for your trouble." Whose business was it to thank her for doing her own pleasure? "Here is David's mother!"

Hannah's heart gave a great tumultuous throb as she staggered to her feet to receive her guest—this strange woman who had more right to David than she had, whom he loved best—his mother! It was the same kind of pain, only different in degree, as that which had rent her soul once before; but she smothered it now as something unrighteous, and held out her hand in welcome. "You have had a cold journey, Mrs. Thorpe," she said; "come and warm yourself before going up to see David."

A little shudder ran through David's mother; it may have been the draught from the door that affected her, but she did not change her position, nor move forward into the circle of light about the hearth; she paused an instant, too, before replying, playing nervously with the ribbon on her cape. "Thank you," she said, then, still standing where Hannah's welcome had arrested her, "Dr. Elderberry never told me—I—"

The hand in which Hannah held the match she had just struck made an involuntary lunge downward, and only escaped extinguishing the jagged point of blue flame struggling for life there; then she lifted it above her head and let the little ray illuminate the face before her. "Delilah! Delilah!" she cried, and the flame was quenched, and they confronted each other in darkness.

Dr. Elderberry had slipped upstairs to his patient. "Shall I go away?" asked Mrs. Thorpe, still standing and hesitating.

"No, no," said Hannah, "I'll go with you."

"No, no," said Mrs. Thorpe, "I'll go with you."

"No, no," said Dr. Elderberry, "I'll go with you."

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"Well, madame, your forty of 1819 is, owing to the miraculous power of time, in 1868 twelve hundred and eighty! What do you say to that?"

"I say nonsense."

"Here is your bank-book; examine it."

"Twelve hundred and eighty! Dr. Elderberry! There must be a mistake! How can it be possible?"

"By the accumulation of its interest, simple and compound; no witchcraft, I assure you, but a matter of pure arithmetic—the magic of mathematics!"

"I don't know anything about interest," said Matilda.

"I thought it was merely put in the bank for safe keeping, so that we shouldn't be tempted to spend it every day."

"It was deposited on interest, of course, in the name of you and your sisters, eight altogether; and so you have something left for a rainy day, after all. Let me congratulate you."

"Dear me, I can't believe it!" persisted Matilda.

"Will it be too much of a surprise for David?"

"To the contrary; it will hasten his recovery, I believe."

But Hannah did not speak; she was returning thanks silently, behind her hand—thanks for comfort in her old age—thanks that now they might keep David and his twice-widowed mother to share their fortune.

But I think David will make one for himself.

(THE END.)

FROSTED WINDOWS.

GOLDEN hair and silver smile,

Wistful child-soul shining

Through clear windows of blue eyes,

Where is no reining.

Silver hair and golden smile,

Loving child-soul shining

Through dim windows of blue eyes,

Where is no reining.

And the loving child-soul saith,

"Though the frost is creeping

O'er my windows, though alone

Vigil I am keeping—

"I am neither chilled nor sad,

Finding life still pleasant.

Work enough, and tranquil joys,

Ever in the present.

"O'er my windows friendly Age

Fair frost pictures traces—

Scenes that once were dear to me,

And familiar faces.

"O'er my windows friendly Age

Fair frost-pictures traces—

Visions of a coming day,

Glad familiar faces."

Happy spirit, fain would I

By thy fireside warm me;

Thou dost keep such genial cheer,

Age nor death can harm thee.

Nay, his fireside each must build,

Lonely vigils keeping;

Then with joy he may be creeping

When the frosts come filled.

MARY R. WHITTESEY.

TO A LITTLE LOVE.

To the little Italian air, "Io te Voglio ben Assajo" (Venetian dialect ballad.)

THIS not Apollo that I love;

His red and hissing fair above

May wake the echoes far above

On heaven's lonely plain;

Yet though his burning couriers blast

The morning's early cool,

I reckon not, but turn to bathe

My forehead in the pool.

I love the little stars that shine

When all the world's asleep;

And more than Ocean's wealth of brine

A drop that you might weep:

It is the little things of life

That make it sweet to bear—

And you, my dainty maiden, are

A little thing and fair!

I know a tiny chime that swings

Down in the deep old wood—

The wind-kissed fairy harebell rings

A peal that does men good!

And you are a little and slender thing

And your height is feet but five—

Yet oh! your voice is sweet as dreams,

As sure as I'm alive!

There's a maid like one of the Anakim;

Her mien is stern and strong

And her voice is like a cathedral hymn

Or a mighty dinner-gong:

She may stand as stately as Suniam

When he frowns on the Grecian sea;

But alas! though tall as that, she's not

At all the lass for me!

When Cupid shoots from lips so high

He over-aims his dart;

But a little woman's gentle sigh

Speaks level with my heart.

Hurrah for a little foot and hand,

And a smile whose witchery

Leaps up into my face like stars

Reflected from the sea!

I love to feel a little hand

Lie softly on my arm—

The Czar himself could not withstand

The spell of such a charm;

But while he felt the pressure soft

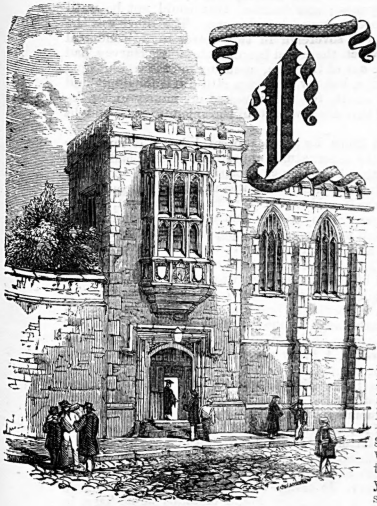
Of clinging loveliness,

Would surely grant with all his heart

The freedom of the press!

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

My Wife and I; OR, HOW I BECAME A PAGAN.



WAS once a good orthodox Christian. I used to repeat the Westminster Catechism and the Nicene Creed every Sunday evening, without any mental reservation whatsoever. But I am a pagan now, and believe in the transmigration of souls. I am sure of it. Willyou pretend that Mrs. Frances Augusta Searl, who sits in the library yonder, stockaded all round

with dictionaries, cyclopedias, and other great columbiads of literary artillery, is the same little Fanny whom I wedded just twenty years ago? Do you assert that the voice from behind the abbatis, saying, "Mr. Searl, will you see why the cook don't send up dinner?" is the same that used to say in the sweet courtship days, "Are you sure, Charley, you won't be ashamed of your foolish little wife?"

The lady yonder is an uncommonly superior woman. She belongs to the true Vashiti order. I try to feel her great condescension in abiding under my roof. I abase—yes, prostrate—my pagan soul before her shrine daily. People grasp me by the hand and say, "What a privileged man, to be the husband of Mrs. Searl!" and I try hard to realise it, saying over and over, "For these thy mercies, Lord, make me truly thankful." You see, though a Buddhist, it is not easy for me to forget the Christian forms of my childhood. I have never had the courage, though sorely tempted, to ask my august spouse for what dereliction in the pre-mundane states of her existence she was condemned for a time to unite her destiny to mine. But the great, wearying, never-answered cry of my heart is, What has become of my little Fanny? Sometimes, sitting silent by my lonely hearth, when the chill November night winds wail around the house, and the rain beats passionately against the windows, I seem to hear my lost Peri tapping at the casement, and start up in a glad affright; but my wife looks up quietly from her proof-sheets, and says, "What is it, Mr. Searl? I hear nothing;" and I slink back, discomfited and abashed.

Well do I remember the time when the spirit of my Fanny began to be rapt away from its earthly tenement. I have lamentable cause to remember it, being unwittingly its occasion. Let me save my sorrow by rehearsing it.

We had a literary association in our town in which I had always taken a deep interest, being, in fact, one of its founders. For a time it flourished mightily. All the élite of our vicinity gathered at its weekly debates to enjoy the intellectual jousts of our young lawyers, editors, students, and rising men. What rough sport it was! How savagely we handled our opponents! How unfeelingly we treated their needs, stretched them on racks, scorched them over hot coals! and how amazingly they recuperated! How gallantly "they came to time," eager to retaliate every indignity upon our heads! What an easy way we had of cutting all Gordian knots of politics! At length we grew weary of the fray, and perhaps felt that we should soon have no more worlds to conquer.

What demon then prompted me to move the honourable chairman that the accomplished ladies who had graced our high debate with their presence be invited to enliven our sessions by reading original essays? What fiend inspired me to support my motion with so much spirit that it was carried by acclamation, I all the while dimly conscious that little Fanny was tugging at my coat-tails to make me sit down? A moment more and Mrs. Charles Searl was appointed essayist for that night two weeks, and she turned to me with such an *et-bi-Brute* look of reproachful despair as quite transfixed me with remorse.

"How could you, Charley?" were the first words sobbed out on the night air as we emerged into the darkness of the street.

"Indeed, little Puss, I never thought of their pouncing on you. I supposed of course they'd choose some of those learned grimalkins that write for the *Thimbletown Herald*. But you'll go through it famously. Don't you remember how you won the first prize for composition at school? You may command me for anything you like; I'll be your serf, scullion, pen-mender, and slave generally; or you can send me out to pasture with old Roan, seal me up in alcohol, or put me in a mild pickle, warranted to keep two weeks."

My original recipe for disposing of household cares so amused Fanny that she quite recovered her spirits, and even began to discuss topics for the essay.

What a delightful, brigandine life we led for the next fortnight! We dispensed with all dainty civilisations, that the young housekeeper and maid-of-all-work might devote herself to her task. I broiled the beefsteaks, madethecoffee, and turned the muffins to save her time, she all the while

standing magisterially over me to see that one thing was not overdone nor another underdone, brandishing the toasting-fork and reciting passages from her essay with a tragic Siddons accent. How she held me by the button, when I was starting for my office, to practise surgery on her impotent folk—to lop off the redundant limb of a sentence, to make a crutch for a halting metaphor, or to cry bravo when she had at last wrought out some fancy just to her mind.

Finally, the labour, which had grown to be one of love rather than of duty, was finished—a little diamond edition of Fanny's quaint and beautiful fancies, done up in spotless note paper and satin ribbons. Then we rejoiced and made much of it, as parents rejoice over their first babe on its baptismal morning.

On the eventful evening I escorted my young wife into the hall, dazzlingly lighted, and graced with all the fashion and intelligence that our provincial town could boast. Like a frightened bird she covered at my side, after glancing furtively round on the well-packed tiers, faltering, "I can never, never do it, Charley."

"Why, yes, Puss, you can do it splendidly; and if I see you begin to falter, I'll just throw my hat at you to take off people's attention." She laughed in spite of herself at the absurdity of my expedient for supporting her, and before her spirits had time to flag again the president came down and escorted her to the desk.

Never shall I forget the deathly feeling I experienced for the next five minutes. Never for myself, on college stage or at the bar, had I felt such a horror of suspense. So parents feel, I suppose, when their white-tipped sons come forward at their first junior exhibition. For a moment the president consulted her as to the arrangement of lights—announced her name, and retired to his sofa. The audience instantly hushed into an utter silence. Then there stole out from behind the reading-desk a low, quavering, pitiful voice that suspended my pulse with sympathetic terror. For a few moments it went unsteadily on, then paused while an entreating eye sought me out and rested imploringly on my face.

Involuntarily I raised my hand with my hat in it, as if to protect her. That movement saved her. My odd device for supporting her seized her excited fancy, and the image of the hat, whirling through the air, demolishing lights and startling the audience, so turned the current of her thoughts that she recovered from her "stage fright," and went on with perfect self-possession. The people, their tense sympathies relieved, settled themselves to comfort. A good rapport was established, and the reader threw herself heartily into her subject.

How beautiful she looked as she stood there in spotless white, the glossy leaves of the myrtle contrasted against her fair braids, cheek and eye all aglow with the unwonted excitement! What a golden nimbus seemed to my enthusiastic fancy to encircle her! How I wondered if this radiant young creature, all poetry, all sentiment, all wit, who seemed "too bright and good for human nature's daily food," could be the same little wife whom I petted, scolded, and caressed, and who scolded me too, sometimes, in her loving, wilful way, and cried because she made mistakes in cooking!

The last page was turned, the chairman was leading her back to my side, when the entranced hush of the hall was broken by such rounds and repetitions of applause as might well bring a glow to the cheek of any prima donna. Tenderly I drew the warm mantle about my treasure, wrapping her carefully as if she were a rare Dresden vase, while our friends gathered about us, overlapping each other with outstretched hands and hearty praise. That was the apotheosis of my Fanny. Long let that inspired hour linger in my heart, for there she was beautiful, and still; still she was mine!

But yet from that hour "I reckon loss of Eden and all my woe." Then she ate the heavenly, baneful hashish that spread a subtle intoxication through her brain. From that fateful evening a new light, brighter but less sweet, stole into the clear eyes of my household divinity, and a new passion began to usurp her soul. Fool that I was, I did not perceive, as I related to her the flattering comments of the press on her essay, and the enthusiastic praises of friends, that I was assisting a transformation that was to make me lonely and homeless in my own house.

(To be concluded.)

The Grumbler.

(Being Occasional Letters to my Nephew, in Anticipation of his Marriage.)

IV.—OF "AIMING HIGH."



MY DEAR REGINALD,—Do you remember the old philosopher who said that when he was a boy he wanted to bring home the moon in his pocket, but when he was older he was satisfied if he had there a penny honestly earned? I don't think that I am much of a philosopher—and I know certain people that I am not—but when I was younger, and went off for wild flowers, I disdained the thought of returning with any thing less than the arethusa or the orchis grandiflora; but even then I found me homeward plodding my weary way, glad enough to bring the wild honeysuckle, or the anemone or violet. When I was older, I passed a summer in a happy land, where the orchis grew profusely by the roadside, and in the autumn the fringed gentian filled the meadows. I used to select only the most splendid of each and leave all the rest, and I often found myself reflecting, as I placed the flowers in a pretty vase upon the table, that the scrubbiest specimen in those days, when it was the only one that diligent searching could find, had given me more pleasure in finding.

Charles Lamb speaks of the immense delight of bearing home a book which he was doubtful if he ought to have

bought, and of the languor with which we regard bargains that we can afford; and I observe that the preachers at Saint Rainbow's and elsewhere, never excite the imagination of the congregation very much by enlarging upon the streets paved with gold, and the jacinth and emerald walls, and the sapphire pavement, and the lapis lazuli bulwarks of the New Jerusalem. Is it because the congregation instinctively feel that stones are not precious if they are common? The earliest single flower that I remember is a white camellia, which we all called japonica. It was in mid-winter, in a cold city, that at last I had accumulated enough to buy it. I was a boy, and the flower was for a bride—a young girl (she is a grandmother now), who was of course my senior—for so we boys begin, although it is a habit that we discontinue, though I don't want to discourage you, Reginald!

But when I sent it to her, and at her wedding she wore it in her hair, and I, breathless and blushing, confided to an older boy that it was my gift, he merely said—forgive him, Reginald, he was a boy, and he had travelled in far countries—"Pooh! in Brazil japonicas are as common as dandelions." It was curious that for an instant I thought Brazil must be a kind of heaven, and the next moment that dandelions didn't make a heaven of our old pasture. But the remark was cruel; for it dimmed the lustre of my flower to know that it could ever be common, and even a sort of weed. And now, when I see that superb pearl upon Maria's first finger—that most tell-tale pearl—I think that if all the pebbles in the gravel-walk were pearls, how painfully less superb it would suddenly become!

Shall we then think, Reginald, that if noble characters also were more common, they would seem to us less lovely? If everybody were unselfish, should we value selfishness as a pearl of great price? Well, we are not likely to be put to the trial. We do not live in Brazil, and we must still pay dearly for our camellias. But we may be very sure that if the desire of personal possession of a special form of beauty declines when it becomes common, yet the delight in beauty itself does not dwindle. The meadow blue with the fringed gentian is not less enchanting because we do not care to pluck a handful and carry them away. The scrubby orchis gave me more pleasure than the choice flowers I gathered by the roadside, not because it was more beautiful, but because it was harder to find. If I had been a philosopher I should have known that it was the finding, not the flower, that delighted me. But I remembered that wealth of orchids when I afterward read the lines: "What's won's done; Joy's soul lies in the doing!"

And isn't it so? I could have bought a hundred other flowers for the money that I gave for the camellia. But the pleasure of hoarding every penny—of refusing to buy tops, marbles, and toffy—of disdaining ginger-beer at a penny a bottle and drinking water for nothing, and all that I might save money enough to buy the japonica—this was a pleasure so great that I remember it to this day; and now, when I could eat my cake and have it too—now, when I could buy the japonica and drink the ginger-beer too, I don't care to do either.

When I was a wicked young boy, my dear Reginald, I heard a sermon upon heaven, which was described as a place in which we should be clad in white robes and hold harps in our hands, and sing hymns for ever and ever. But when I came out of church I bawled to my grandmother, who was a little deaf, "Wouldn't it be rather tiresome, grandma?" and all the people shuddered at such an explosion of early impiety. Yet when I saw our friend Vener, who had been aiming wholly at making money, and had reached the heaven for which he had been toiling, with what "happy" results you know, I could not help thinking that he found it tiresome. If he had chosen a higher heaven, which he must have been longer in reaching, he would have been a happier man. Ah! if he had only proposed to himself to buy a camellia instead of a commoner and cheaper flower! He had aimed low and paid the penalty. Indeed he confesses it; and he told me only last week that he had resolved to return to business.

Perhaps this is what that comfortable Scripture means, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." It is not an external attainment, but an inward temper. It is not a place, but a frame of mind. Perhaps the harps that we are to hold are our own spiritual harmony; and the onyx, the sapphire, and the pearl are our own pure and gentle and charitable feelings and aspirations. For, if you will take another illustration of the wisdom of aiming at the sun instead of the top of the fence or a cherry-tree, look at the life of our friend Angelus, who lately died. How everybody loved and trusted and respected him! How modest and generous and patient he was! Did you ever hear him sneer? Did you ever know him to be satirical and sharp at anybody's expense? If you knew a forlorn human being of any age or colour or condition who needed a wise and charitable friend, to whom did you turn so quickly as to Angelus? It was because his aim was too high ever to be fully reached. While there was an ungenerous emotion, an unkind thought yet to be corrected, Angelus thought that nothing was done. He forgot the things that are behind. He was always reaching out toward those that are before.

You see, my dear boy, that Angelus, if I may say so, had set his heart upon a camellia, and saved all his pennies to buy it. He was diligent, sober, punctual, gentle, charitable, humane, and all because his aim was so high, and these were the means by which he moved toward it, day by day. As in the bright mornings long ago, of which I spoke, if he did not return with the arethusa, yet he brought the honeysuckle and violet with him, and to-morrow the search was renewed. Sir Galahad goes in quest of the Holy Grail, and he brightens out of sight in glory. In the old days, when men fought fiercely in battle, the bravest soldier threw his spear far forward among the enemy, and then struggled on to reach it. Often he only reached it by falling upon it dead in the conflict. But he had broken the enemy's line and opened a way for his friends. That soldier aimed high. Dear Reginald, amid all this tiresome babble of "Girls of the Period," "Young Men of the Period," and so on *ad nauseam*, let us do likewise.—Yours with all his heart,

AN OLD BACHELOR.



Fortune in a Shadow.



NE generation of Overtons is as much like another as this year's crop of Tom Thumb peas is like the last. An Overton is nothing in himself, but as a representative of the family he is worth some half-dozen ordinary mortals. The men of the family all condescend to business, because, as a rule, they would starve if they did not, and the great Overton race would become extinct, which calamity must be averted at any cost; but no Overton woman was ever known to work for her living, except perhaps to teach in some highly genteel connection. She must either marry well, or fasten herself on the nearest male relative for support.

The Overton creed is short and comprehensive. Each one must sink his or her individuality into "the family." Indeed, so many generations of them have lived in a perpetual dread of some time disgracing "the family," that the Overtons of the present are among the most proper, the best-conducted, and the most highly respectable people on the face of the earth. What "the family" has ever been, or what it has ever done for any of us, I have never yet been able to discover, but having had the good fortune to be born an Overton, I no more thought of departing from any of its customs than I would have thought of resisting a decree of the Grand Lama, had I happily been within his thrice-blessed dominions.

After some consideration of this subject, I am inclined to the opinion that the Overton family is distinguished above all others for the quantity of old maids it contains within its fold. It might be supposed that the young men would be eager to ally themselves with so illustrious a race, but the facts certainly do not bear out this supposition. And the worst of it is that they are not the pretty, sparkling old maids of the present time that you cannot tell from young girls, but the real, old-fashioned, cantankerous kind; for the Overtons would not consider it decorous and dignified to have any other sort.

This was a matter that ought not to have concerned me personally, because I was engaged to be married to Harvey Preston—one of the Prestons of the Lower Town—a young lawyer, and in every way an unexceptionable match, even for an Overton. But yet, whenever my mind dwelt upon the family greatness, it invariably turned to the consideration of the Overton old maid; for, in truth, I had a nervous dread that this doom, which I considered so fearful, would be mine, for Harvey had no money, and neither had I, and our marriage seemed to me as distant as heaven. True, we were both young, but as Harvey had now been a member of the Bar for three years and had not had a case, we thought that we had a dreary look-out. The townspeople all spoke well of him, as of a young man who was sure to rise, but for all that he remained very stationary indeed. Of course, I knew that his genius was transcendent, and would some time amaze the world, but after a while I began to think that I should fall into the condition of an Overton old maid before the world consented to be amazed. Alas! Harvey possessed neither money nor briefs. What he did possess was a fair share of good looks, a small law library, a neat little office, two suits of clothes, and an idea for a wonderful working machine, which it was a marvel the world had ever been able to do without. On this machine he had spent hours of thought, and it was all complete now (in his head) except one part of it—"the least little thing," he said—that he had not been able to get right, and without which, it appeared, the machine was perfectly useless. I was not quite clear in my mind whether this machine would be considered "respectable" by "the family," but as its levers and pulleys were only in Harvey's brain, where they could not be seen, and as the "least little thing" obstinately refused to go into its proper place, the matter was never mentioned to that august body.

But there were other things belonging to the Overton family to which my mind turned quite as often as to its old maids. A real "family" is nothing without its ban-shee, who appears in the house just before the death of a member, and wrings its hands or rattles its chains, or

Harvey Preston I regarded this prophecy with as near an approach to disdain as I could anything belonging to "the family." A shadow without a substance! It was equivalent to saying that good fortune would never visit the Overtons. But after I began to feel the need of money so sorely, my only comfort lay in this selfsame prophecy. Very strange things had been known to happen in these old families. Perhaps I was the Overton, selected from the beginning of time, who was to see this wonderful shadow. I revolved various schemes for suddenly becoming rich, but the shadow would loom up and hide them all from view. The shadow! the shadow! If I could but see that, our fortune was secure. That I could go to work myself and do anything to help make the money we so needed, of course never entered my Overton brain.

We lived in the town, but every pleasant summer afternoon I used to stroll into the country. I preferred to go alone, that I might bemoan my unhappy fate and meditate upon the future; and if it could only have appeared to me as a shadowy future, how glad I should have been! One day I extended my walk a little farther than usual, and found such a lovely little valley that I went there every afternoon and remained until sunset.

At the upper end of the little glade was a great oak-tree which threw a mighty shade, and lower down was a group of high rocks which were presided over by an oak and a growing family of young ones. With these exceptions the whole valley was one sweep of fresh and vivid green, and the hills which shut it in rolled around it in great green billows, with neither tree nor bush to break the beauty of the undulating lines. One unsightly object there was—a small stone house perched upon the top of the highest hill. It was now partly in ruins, but the walls were all standing, and a coating of whitewash which the last occupant had given them shone in the sun with such a dazzling and glaring whiteness that I was always glad to turn my eyes away from them as I lay on a mossy stone under the great oak, and look instead at the clear waters of the brook which rippled past me, glowing with a soft emerald hue caught from the overhanging hills.

One afternoon, as the sun was nearing the tops of the western hills, and I was thinking of leaving my mossy couch, I chanced to look toward the east, where the house stood, and my heart gave a leap and I sprang involuntarily to my feet when I saw, clearly defined on the white wall, the shadow of a man! A gigantic and imposing figure it was, stretching nearly from roof to base. The Overton prophecy! But in an instant I recovered myself. Somewhere there must have been the cause, of course, and I looked eagerly around. A glance took in the little valley, and another flashed around the hills. Not a creature, man or beast, was there to be seen. But still the shadow remained upon the wall. I watched it with a fascinated gaze; occasionally I sent a piercing glance down the valley, but I was alone with the mysterious shadow. It seemed to me the very breeze died away, so hushed and still was everything. I was not afraid—I was awestruck. The shadow remained perfectly motionless for two or three minutes, I think, and then it slowly raised its arms and suddenly and rapidly went through some calisthenic exercises that I could not comprehend. But I knew then that the face was turned toward me. Then I distinctly saw it beckon to me with both hands, and immediately afterward it pointed one shadowy hand upward toward the eaves of the house, where the shingles swung loose like a tattered fringe; and then it vanished, and I saw it no more, though the sun did not sink behind the hills until some minutes after. I was curious to see if it would remain there after sunset.

I sank back upon the moss and considered the matter. Here was the fortune at last—the great Overton good fortune—and it was coming to me! Why I, apparently an insignificant member of this magnificent fraternity, should have been singled out for such rare endowment I did not know, until I reflected that supernatural visitations are generally vouchsafed to very ordinary mortals indeed—those whom we would least expect to be so favoured. But this was no affair of mine. The shadow had appeared to me, and it was my business now to avail myself of my good fortune. But how? The shadow had really given me no clue. Was I to quietly wait until the fortune came, or was I to go forth and seek it? This last seemed the

most probable, and was the most agreeable, and I concluded the good fortune was to come through something I was contemplating doing, else why the shadow at that particular time? Now, there were but two things I had in contemplation. One was my marriage, but that was an old story now; and besides, that could not be until after the good fortune should come. The other was the investing of a sovereign in two shares in a wonderful lottery of which there had been much talk. Harvey had laughed me out of the idea, assuring me the whole thing was a swindle, but my thoughts still dwelt longingly and regretfully on it, for if I invested my money under the auspices of this shadow, one of the splendid prizes might fall to me.

I do not know by what process I brought myself to believe in the supernatural appearance of the shadow. I doubt whether I gave much thought to this. I certainly saw the shadow, and there was nothing that could possibly produce it. However this may have been, I went home and sent off my money that very night, and in due time received two long slips of paper with a tempting list of prizes, and the numbers on them in figures big and black. Which would prove the lucky number? Perhaps both would be lucky, but that was too much to hope for. I said nothing about the tickets or the shadow to Harvey. He was an exceedingly practical individual, and I knew he would only laugh at me. I kept my own counsel and quietly waited in faith. Who took possession of the great prizes, however, I know not, but not even a photograph album came to me!

It was a bitter disappointment, but in a little time I took heart of grace. I had misinterpreted the shadow. Now I remembered that it had pointed upward toward the roof of the building, and had made no allusion whatever to a lottery. I had been in the wrong, and not the prophetic shadow. But what fortune could one find among loose shingles and broken rafters? Still these appearances never do things in a way that seems rational to mortal senses, and there would certainly be no harm in looking there. So I took my way once more to the little valley.

(To be continued.)

Essays and Sketches.

EFFECT OF SIMPLICITY.



ES, whatever may be the fashion of woman's dress, there is always an abundance of ill-natured critics to find fault with it. Ladies evidently try hard to suit every variety of taste. Their efforts, in fact, never cease, and they make a new trial at least once a quarter. Each of the four seasons is sure to be marked by something novel in feminine costume. The critics must indeed be hard to please if, in the numberless changes of these later years, they have not found anything to their liking. There has been diversity enough of form and proportion. We have had waists which might be grasped within the thumb and forefinger, perimeters of skirt too broad for an ordinary staid, petticoats so short and necks so low that further compromise with the primitive figleaf was impossible, and trains so long that they continued to sweep one street after their wearers had turned the corner into another. Now it has been all head, and now all tail, and again the reverse; at one time towering high, at another crouching low. The most surprising thing is the readiness with which these transitions are made. It would appear that a lady, like a Jack-in-the-box, could lengthen or shorten, swell or collapse, at the touch of some hidden spring. Fashion is certainly endowed with a mysterious power of suddenly metamorphosing the human being.

A famous French grumbler at what he terms, forsooth, the caprices and follies of women, says a great deal has been written about the power of fashion, but not enough. He accordingly adds his dictum. "We would not venture to quote it had it not been uttered a long time ago, for twelve years constitute an age in the history of fashion. Our dames must bear in mind, in reading the strictures of the unamiable Frenchman, that what he says was uttered in a comparatively barbaric age, and cannot be at all applicable to the women of these days of advanced civilisation.

"Look, he tells us, at the portraits of the time of Louis XV. Pug-noses were the fashion then. Every woman managed, by some means or other, to have one. Well, at this moment three yards of hair are the fashion. Every woman has three yards of hair. It is not a little surprising that women who last week had hardly a hair to their heads have now the full length required. If you meet a woman in society who appears to be, relatively to those who surround her, scantily supplied with hair, and has it simply dressed, you may very safely conclude that she is particularly well furnished naturally, and that the condition of her neighbour is the reverse. In fact, a woman with a fine head of hair is alone in such a position that she can refuse 'to dishonour it by a mixture of the false and contraband.' The one who makes the greatest show of abundance of locks have the least.

"Few seem to be aware of the effect of simplicity in the midst of elaborate and expensive artifice. Let a young lady with no hair but her own, and that simply dressed, enter a room filled with those whose heads are elaborately built up with a profusion of purchased locks, and see who will be most admired.

"It is a great advantage for a lady, in these days of artifice, to remain herself, and thus be unlike every one else. A simple dress, white or black, will produce the greatest effect when surrounded by the most gorgeous costumes. These serve, as it were, as frames for the former, and ladies are often forced to confess that they have dropped themselves magnificently, at an immense expense, for no other purpose than to heighten by contrast the beauty of a rival. In fact, they have been wearing a dress which is very becoming to—others."

Home Employment and Embellishments.

THE NAUTILUS FLOWER-STAND IN IMITATION CORAL.



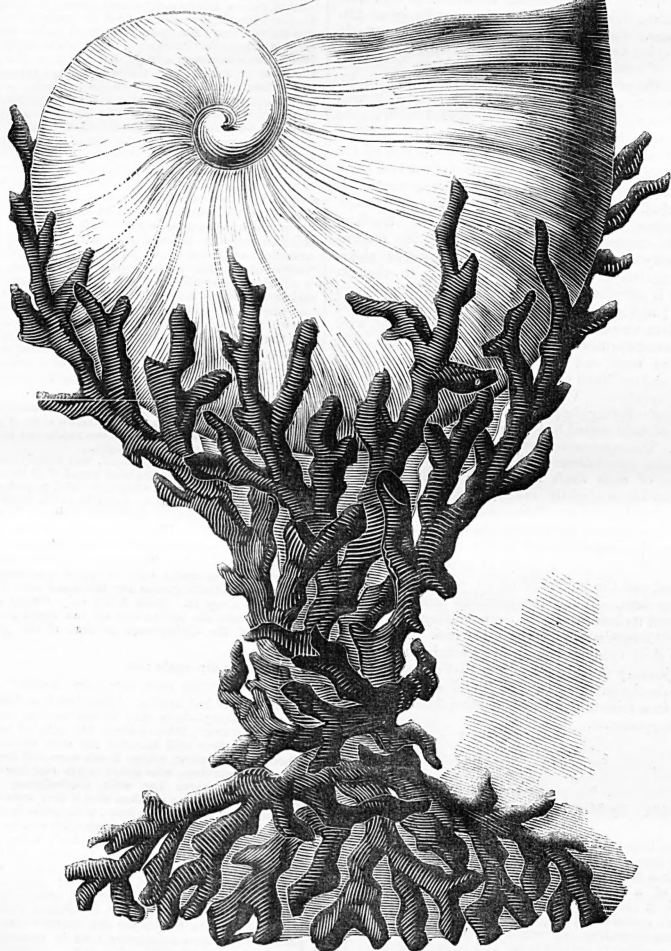
FROM time to time we have given hints as to the making of tasteful and inexpensive ornaments for the home in imitation coral, and a month or so ago we sought to initiate the reader into the art of imitating busts and statuettes in marble by means of wax. The season now coming on for "cut flowers," we are induced to give an illustration with details of a drawing-room flower-holder that is as thoroughly effective as it is easy to make.

In commencing a stand of this description, the taste of the worker must necessarily be exercised; for the absence of regularity and uniformity being a merit instead of a defect, it is difficult to give specific instructions to produce an effect which taste and skill only are required to bestow. The great point is to endeavour to imitate the

Chinese vermillion, and then poured over every portion of the frame in the manner described in our previous papers.

As regards the shells most suitable for these stands, we think the first place must be assigned to the nautilus, its shape and brilliant appearance, when well polished, contrasting beautifully with the deep red of the coral. When the shell is used for cut-flowers it should be nearly filled with silver sand, into which, when damped, the stalks of the flowers are inserted, and if properly arranged they will retain their freshness for a considerable time. If artificial flowers are employed the effect is enhanced by covering the stand with a glass shade. A well-arranged group of various seaweeds also forms a most appropriate filling in. In case the nautilus-shell should not be the one selected, we may just suggest that a heavy kind should be avoided, or else that the wire framework of the stand must be proportionately strong.

CHILDREN'S PLAYTHINGS.—Though it be agreed they should have playthings of several sorts, I think they should have none bought for them. This will hinder that great variety they are often overcharged with, which serves only to teach the mind to wander after change and superfluity, to be unquiet, and perpetually stretching itself after something more still, though it knows not what, and never to be



branching of the real coral as closely as possible, which it is easy to do by the following means, aided by observation of the original production: A piece of strong wire must be first taken and twisted into the form of a branch of coral, by making several loops in the wire and returning to the central stem. These must not be formal or regular, either in distance or length. After the wire is twisted in this manner, every part must be covered, by twisting a soft cotton round it, or wire may be purchased already covered. Four or five of these strong branches must be prepared, and united together with another wire about three inches from the ends. These ends form the stand at the bottom, and must be spread out so as to allow it a firm and secure base. The upper part must now be modelled to suit the shell which is to be placed upon it. When the shape of the stand is properly arranged, short lengths of cotton cord may be tied on to every part, at irregular distances, and cut off, leaving the two ends about half an inch long, or a thinner wire than that employed for the frame may be used instead: these additions are very useful in giving greater freedom to the branches of the outline. If cotton is employed, the ends must be slightly opened by untwisting the cord.

It now remains to conceal all this rough framework, and to transform it into a close resemblance to real coral, by having some white wax melted and coloured wit

satisfied with what it hath. The court that is made to people of condition in such kind of presents to their children does the little ones great harm; by it they are taught pride, vanity, and covetousness, almost before they can speak; and I have known a young child so distracted with the number and variety of his playmates, that he tired his maid every day to look them over, and was so accustomed to abundance that he never thought he had enough, but was always asking, "What more? What more? What new thing shall I have?" A good introduction to moderate desires, and the ready way to make a contented, happy man! How, then, shall they have the playmates you allow them if none must be bought for them? I answer, they should make them themselves, or at least endeavour it, and set themselves about it; till then they should have none, and till then they will want none of any great artifice. A smooth pebble, a piece of paper, the mother's bunch of keys, or anything they cannot hurt themselves with, serves as much to divert little children as those more chargeable and curious toys from the shops, which are presently put out of order and broken.—Locke on Education.

Miss Alcott, the author of "Four Little Women," is about to publish a new book with the significant and promising title of "An Old Fashioned Girl," and Mr. James Russell Lowell, the well-known author of the "Biglow Papers," publishes a volume of six essays with the title "Among my Books." The two former works are reprinted by Messrs. Low and Co., and the latter by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

Theatres and Amusements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.—This (Saturday) Evening, Fidelity. On Monday, Les Huguenots. Tuesday, La Figlia Del Reggimento. Thursday, Guglielmo Tell. Half-past Eight.
HAYMARS.—This (Saturday) evening, New Men and Old Acres, after which, No Song and No Supper.
PRINCESS'S.—This (Saturday) Evening, Iel on Parle Français (Quarter to Eight)—Money (Quarter to Eleven)—Romeo and Juliet (Quarter to Twelve)—Stage Struck.
ADELPHI.—My Precious Betsy.—The Prompter's Box.—Whitehall at Greenwich. Seven.
LYCEUM.—Sampson's Wedding.—Chilpéric. Half-past Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Little Em'ly.—(At Half-past Nine) The Princess.—The 'Varsity Boat Race.
GLOBE.—Philomel (Forty Minutes past Six)—The Ticket of Leave Man (At a Quarter-past Nine).
STRAND.—Widow's Weeds.—Sir George and a Dragon.—A Fish Out of Water.
ST. JAMES'S.—She Stoops to Conquer.—(At a Quarter past Nine) La Belle Sauvage.—An Unhappy Fair. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Dearest Mamma.—(At Eight) School-Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—Love's Doctee.—(At Nine) Black-eyed Susan.—Rely on my Discretion. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—Quick March.—(At a Quarter-past Eight) Twist Axe and Crown. Seven.
GAIETY.—This (Saturday) Evening, Young Hopeful (At Seven) Uncle Dick's Darling (At a Quarter to Eight)—The First Night (At Half-past Nine)—Ballad (Forty Minutes past Ten).
CHARING-CROSS.—To Oblige Benson.—Not so Bad After All.—Ision. Seven.
ASTLEY'S.—A Peep—The Grand Duchess. Seven.
NEW NATIONAL STANDARD.—FOTNOS.—The Forty Thieves. Seven.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open at Ten.
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.—Christy Minstrels. Every Evening at Eight. Wednesdays and Saturdays, Three and Eight.
EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—Mr. W. S. Woodin at Home. Every Evening (except Saturdays) at Eight. Saturday Mornings at Three.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TESSARD'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

APRIL 10. SUNDAY.—Palm Sunday.
" 11. Monday.—Sun rises 5.15 A.M.
" 12. Tuesday.—Daybreak 3.5 A.M.
" 13. Wednesday.—Sun sets, 6.50 P.M.
" 14. Thursday.—Princess Beatrice born, 1857.
" 15. Friday.—Good Friday.
" 16. Saturday.—Sun rises 5.4 A.M.

Our Letter Basket.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER is published by E. Marlborough and Co., 4, Ave Maria-lane, E.C., and may also be obtained at the Railway Stations, and of the Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom. In the vent of any difficulty, copies will be sent direct from the office; single copies, post free, for 4d.; three copies for 11d.

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Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to him at 4, Ave Maria-lane, E.C., where letters relating to the business of the Paper should also be sent.

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Mr. Kinnear, 99, Rue de Lafayette, Paris.

** Articles on the newest fashions in dress and needle-work, "The Ladies' Garden," and other matters of current interest will appear in our next, together with notices of the serials of the month, new music, &c. Of portraits, we have in hand those of the new prima donna, Mlle. Sessi, and the late Sir C. Grey.

H. L. (Brighton).—For the fern leaf, make a chain the length required for the leaf. Commence at one end, and do three treble, one open crochet, three treble again, then one D.C., and repeat until the leaf is finished, when join three together.

NANNY.—The texture of foulard renders it very suitable for forming bouillottes; these are frequently edged with a ribbon or velvet of a contrasting colour, or a deeper shade. Sometimes the tunic is gathered from the top to the bottom at each breadth, the stitches being hidden by a velvet or ribbon, which finishes off in a bunch of bows.

A COUNTRY LASS.—Avoid late hours or crowded assemblies, and take plenty of gentle exercise in the open air. Let your diet be light and nourishing; but there should be no necessity for you to give up the slight amount of stimulant you mention, and which may be necessary in your case to aid digestion.

MATRON (Stoke).—We have arranged to give the designs you ask for in our next.

TOODLES.—Write to our publishers, enclosing stamps or a P.O.O. to the amount.

C. M. (Glasgow).—Verses received, but they are scarcely of sufficient merit for publication.

A. H. F.—Declined with thanks.

ENQUIRER.—You will find full instructions in our last volume. 2. Any numbers you may be short of can still be obtained of our publishers, or through your own bookseller. 3. In our next.

BEAUCHAMPEL.—The origin of *chef*, as applied to a French cook, may be found in the memoirs of the Cardinal Dubois, the infamous tutor of the debauched Regent, the Duke of Orleans. The Cardinal says: "Sanlecque, the poet and canon of *Sainte-Genève*, when I was fitting up my establishment anew, left me as a legacy—for he died the same year—his admirable cook, of the name of *chef*, who used to regale me with a true canonical cheer when I was disposed to pay for the expense of it." *Chef* acquired such a fame as the cook of the perfect diplomatic dinners of the Cardinal that his name became ever after the generic title of all the masters of his art.

S. A. P.—So much depends upon size, texture, &c., that without seeing the article it would be impossible for us to tell. You had better send it to a respectable furrier, where you could ascertain at once what the cost would be.

Our Exchange.

[For regulations, &c., see our Number for Jan. 8.]

I WANT a large scrapbook, suitable for filling with pictures for the children.—Address MAMMA.

I HAVE a large selection of useful patterns, Berlin wool-work, tatting, crochet, point-lace, leather-work, cut-paper models, &c., &c. Am open to good offers.—CARLINA.

WANTED, some brown fur for trimming; need not be new,

may be useful to you in your after life. Young people get on very well together at first, but sometimes—I don't know why—but sometimes it does happen that matters don't go quite so pleasantly with them as one could wish. One cross word brings up another, and when wrangling begins, one never knows where it will end. Now I don't know that I can do better than tell you the bargain that my wife and I made when we were first married; and it was this—that if ever we wanted to quarrel we should take it in turns to commence. If I began one to-day, my wife should have the right to do so to-morrow; only we were each to give the other fair warning, by observing in such case, 'It's my turn now and I'm going to begin.' I can't tell how that may do with you; but it has answered very well with us, for neither has yet said to the other, though we've been married thirty years, 'It's my turn now,' and I hope it'll never be the turn of either of you."

And no one who knew the minister and his wife believed that their turn ever had come.

To which we cannot resist the temptation of adding the suggestion of this well-matched pair:

Kitty passed into the flagged courtyard, and knocked at the door of Mrs. Holford's usual sitting-room. The minister's dwelling, built at the same time as the old meeting-house, had pleasant and more commodious rooms on the other side, looking into a street; but Mrs. Holford preferred this apartment for daily use, though she could only obtain a side-view of the chapel from it, catch, perhaps, a glimpse of her afflicted neighbour, and look full on the unbroken surface of the wall of the leather-cutter's premises.

It was a large, low room, with a curiously-carved ceiling—a work of art in its way, and not the old ceiling in St. Bede's that was so. White panels, relieved by a few portraits, and a looking-glass over the high, narrow chimney-board. Old-fashioned mahogany furniture, black with age—Mrs. Holford's inheritance from her mother; and, summer or winter, narrow crimson moreen curtains to the two high slender windows that looked on what so many would have termed a cheerless prospect, but which conveyed to Mrs. Holford an indefinable sense of home, which no other outlook could have given her. She had her drawing-room for show and the reception of state visitors, and Mr. Holford his study for seclusion and work. But this was the house-keeper's—the very heart of the domestic sanctuary. Summer and winter she sat there, dried roseleaves from the ancient china bowl that stood upon the sideboard; and it must have been a warm day indeed when there was not at least a small fire burning in the brightly-polished grate for the large tabby cat, sixteen years old at the least, to stretch himself and purr and bask before. But the room never seemed too close; only on entering you were struck with a general sense of warmth, and primrose, and cosiness; and if a professed tea-drinker there was something in Mrs. Holford's parlour that made you feel, of all places in the world, that was the very one in which to imbibe that beverage to perfection.

We should like to lay before the reader the true, many, Christian comfort which Mr. Holford offered to Kitty Ridsdale in her first great sorrow, but already we have overstepped our allotted space. A word, however, as to details.

Mrs. Elliott's characters are, for the most part, well sketched. There are no mere puppets, but verities to whom we can take a liking or dislike, and we fear the author would scarcely be prepared for the feeling that he often inspires in the reader by being over-thought. The *nonchalance* with which he claims "cousinship" with the pretty heroine, the unmistakable priggishness and self-assertion that causes him to remind all with whom he comes in contact that he is "a Launceston;" and the estimate which he evidently puts—without any of that modest misgiving that nobler minds are able to experience—upon his own abilities, scarcely impress one in the way intended. They evidence, no doubt, the possession of robust health and rare physical prowess, and we know ladies' novels have been wont of late to set up such prowess as a thing to be almost bowed down before and worshipped—but the feeling is not yet generally reciprocated. Cyril Tudor, secondary personage as he is assumed to be, shows, in some respects, far better points, and elicits a heartier sympathy; and we have met with men—and in Mrs. Elliott's novels, too—of a much higher order than either.

The plot of "St. Bede's" we shall not attempt to disclose, but this at least we may do. We can promise any of our readers who may possess themselves of the volume, not only some thoroughly wholesome reading, a story that may be put into the hands of any member of the household, but a pleasant surprise in the concluding chapters that will make them almost forget the distance over which they have had to travel to obtain it.

The Intelligence of Animals. From the French of ERNEST MENAULT. With Illustrations. (Cassell.)

THE study of natural history, at least in its more anecdotal or popular aspect, has greatly increased in favour of late years with all classes, and we are bound to say the literature of the subject has kept well up to the demand, at all events so far as general readers are concerned. What Wood and Goss have done for adults, Messrs. Partridge, in their well-known illustrated series of juvenile works, have accomplished for children, so that we may fairly hope boys of average intelligence no longer labour under the impression that flies and beetles, frogs and toads, and even cats, were only made to be tormented, not to say tortured. The work now before us is one of the most interesting and satisfactory of its class that has yet been published. It is a volume of well-authenticated anecdotes, collected from a variety of trustworthy sources, and marshalled and arranged with the object of proving that many animals are gifted with a far higher intelligence than they have ever been credited with. The author is not content that it should be termed merely instinct; he speaks of intellectual manifestations, and urges that they are connected with the organisation and the nervous system of the various animals, and are altogether apart from mere unreasoning instinct. We have not space to enter into the question here, but to any of our readers interested in the subject we can cordially commend this work, promising that, whatever else it may do, it will enable them to pass a most agreeable afternoon.

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LADY'S LIBRARY.

Adeline Poets: Burns's Poems, Vol. 2, 12mo., 1s. 6d. cloth.
Austin's (John) Mansfield Park, cr. 8vo., 6s. cloth.
Browning's Words in Season, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Dicey's (E.) The Morning Land, 2 vols., cr. 8vo., 16s. cloth.
Foster's (Mrs. A.) Not while she lives, 2 vols., cr. 8vo., 21s. 6d.
Good and True, 2 vols., cr. 8vo., 21s. 6d.
Hood's (T.) Works, new edit. Vol. 3, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Jessie Grey; or, the Discipline of Life, by M. L. G., 12mo., 2s. cloth.
Katie Johnston's Cross, a Canadian Tale, 12mo., 3s. 6d. cloth.
Stern Necessity, by Author of "High Church," 3 vols., 31s. 6d. cl.
Veronica, by Author of "Mabel's Progress," 3 vols., cr. 8vo., 31s. 6d.

Music and the Drama.

STRAND THEATRE.

THE old national legend of St. George and the Dragon, which Ducrow turned to so striking an account many years ago upon the hippodramatic stage, and which Mr. Planche and other playwrights afterwards dramatised with so much effect at various theatres, has been transformed by Mr. F. C. Burnand into a burlesque, which was received with enthusiastic applause on its production at this favourite theatre on Thursday night, last week. The piece has every external attraction that the painter and costumier can bestow, the scenery being exceedingly picturesque, and the costumes superb. There are songs and dances, too, in abundance, and there is no lack of gay fanciful dances. Among the grotesque incidents of the burlesque should be mentioned a sham bull-fight, intended, doubtless, as a travesty upon the recent deplorable exhibition at the Agricultural Hall.

MUSICAL, LITERARY, & ART JOTTINGS.

GARIBOLDI's second new story is called "Cantoni; or, the Volunteer."

Abbe Coppi, the Italian historian, has died at Rome, at the age of eighty-seven.

A movement has been set on foot for the purpose of erecting a memorial to the memory of the late Lord Brougham, in the shape of a central hall and free library.

A farce by Mr. Rowe, of the Olympic Theatre, entitled *Sampson's Wedding*, was played at the Lyceum last week. It is a piece of boisterous and rather old-fashioned extravagance.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan's lectures on the theory and practice of vocal music will commence on Tuesday, April 26. Ladies will be enabled to join in the practice of the music lectured upon.

The private view of the sixth exhibition of Water-colour Drawings took place on Saturday, at the Gallery, No. 5, Haymarket. There are some capital pictures among those on the walls. The Gallery is now open to the public.

Messrs. Smith and Elder have just published, with three illustrations, "Lettice Lide, by the Author of Stone Edge," reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*; also a new edition, 5 vols. fcp. 8vo. cloth, of "Poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning."

Don Carlos; or the Infante in Eliza, is the name of Mr. Conway Edwards's new burlesque for the Vaudeville Theatre, Strand. One of the principal scenes will represent a travesty of a Spanish bull-fight.

In consequence of the double duties of manageress and actress having to some extent undermined the health of Mrs. John Wood, of the St. James's Theatre, she is compelled to relinquish for a time her performances on the stage.

On Saturday, a private view of the pictures of this year's exhibition of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk-street, Pall-mall, took place. The Prince and Princess of Wales visited the gallery in the morning. The exhibition this year is allowed on all hands to be an uncommonly good one.

At Namur, according to the *Musical Standard*, Rossini's *William Tell* has afforded a splendid opportunity for Mdlle. Danis, who received a perfect avalanche of bouquets thrown from all directions; one containing a casket with a beautiful gold medal, carried by a chain of the same precious metal.

At Warsaw Madame Aron has carried all before her in the rôle of Marguerite in *Faust*. The production of the opera has been the source of an ovation for the lady, and for the heroine, Padilla, bravos and showers of bouquets being in abundance.

Frou-Frou, after making a visit to Brighton, is next to be heard at the Olympic Theatre, where an authorised English version of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's celebrated piece will be produced on the 10th instant. The part of the heroine is to be sustained by a lady of beauty and talent new to the stage.

During a performance at the Zarzuela Theatre, Madrid, a few nights back, the ante-chamber of a box was robbed of all the cloaks and wrappers left there by the ladies; a gentleman in the stalls lost his watch, as did another while descending the staircase; a third returned home minus his breast-pin.

The author of some 600 volumes of political essays, novels, poetry, &c., the intimate friend of Balzac, Benjamin Constant, and Paul de Kock, died some days ago in a Paris hospital, and was followed to his pauper grave by his daughter alone. His name was François Raban—the Raban—and he was seventy-five years of age.

A sale by auction took place on Saturday of the celebrated drawings of the Holy Land by David Roberts, R.A., from the collection of the Right Hon. Francis, the first Earl of Ellesmere. The drawings were 122 in number, made in Syria and the Holy Land in 1838 and 1839 by Mr. Roberts, and well known to the public by the engravings of Louis Haghe.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, the author of the popular little book entitled "The Gates Ajar," gives the public a new and very original story, under the title of "Hedged In," a narrative depicting the woman's treatment of "a woman who is a sinner." It is, we are informed, a work of great power, but open to much difference of opinion as to its probable popularity.

The playing public will learn, not without regret, of the sudden death of Mrs. H. Vandenhoff, a meritorious actress, whose maiden name was Chalmers, and who was married to Mr. Henry Vandenhoff, son of a celebrated actor. Mrs. H. Vandenhoff was engaged at the Queen's Theatre, where only a few nights ago she sustained with excellent effect the part of the Duchess of Norfolk in the play of *Twist and Crown*.

Good Friday will this year present unusual attractions at the Crystal Palace. In addition to the grand sacred concert, always given with so much success on Good Friday, this year, for the first time upon this great popular holiday, for the first time this season, the entire series of great fountains (including the Alexandra fountain, so named by permission of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales) will be played. The grand concert, which takes place on the great Handel orchestra at

half-past three, conducted by Mr. Manns, comprises an unusual array of talent. The following are the principal artists—Madame Rudersdorf, Mdlle. Carola, Madame Florence Lancini, Mdlle. Drasil, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Signor Urio, Signor Foli, &c.

Mr. Tom Taylor's famous drama, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, has been revived at the Globe Theatre in a strongly creditable manner to the management, and so attractively that the house is crowded nightly, and an audience of applause could not be more frequent or more fervent. Though the well-remembered play had come upon them with all the freshness and surprise of novelty.

A telegram received in London on Saturday from Edinburgh conveyed the sad intelligence of the sudden death in that city of Mr. Edmund Phelps, son of the well-known tragedian. The deceased gentleman, who had hardly attained the prime of life, made his first appearance at Sadler's Wells on November 21, 1860, as Ulrich Werner. He leaves a widow—known in the profession as Miss Hudspeth—and three children.

Miss Louisa Pyne, a lady who, as is well known, for many years occupied a prominent position as one of the most accomplished singers of the age, has announced her intention to retire from public life, and arrangements have been made for her farewell Oratorio Concerts, under the direction of the National Choral Society. The first performance of the series will be the *Messiah*, on Tuesday, the 12th instant (Passion Week), at St. James's Hall. Conductor, Mr. G. W. Martin.

The annual festival in aid of the funds of the Newsveners' Benevolent and Provident Institution was celebrated on Tuesday evening, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields—Mr. Charles Dickens, the president of the society, occupying the chair, supported by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, Mr. Under-Sheriff Crossley, Sir C. W. Dilke, Bart., M.P., Mr. Alderman Cotton, Mr. Charles Dickens, jun., Mr. C. L. Gruneisen, &c.

M. ANDRÉ LEROY, of Antwerp, is engaged on a Dictionary of Pomology; three large volumes are ready, and treat of pears, apples, quinces, service-trees, and medlars. Two more volumes will complete the work, one of which will treat of stone-fruits, the other of grapes and miscellaneous fruits. Each species of fruit is treated in an elaborate way, and to the mode of its culture is prefixed a history of its culture (besides several types of each variety, 915 varieties of pears are described), and each description is accompanied by a woodcut.

The death is announced from New York of Gulian C. Verplanck, an intimate friend of Washington Irving, whom he assisted in his literary work. "Salamagundi" was known as the joint production of Irving, Paulding, and Verplanck. All three towards a higher culture and the refinements of life Mr. Verplanck was conspicuous. Now that he is gone there is but one man remaining who belonged to the literary circle of Irving, and this is William Cullen Bryant, whose translation of the "Iliad," but one month since given to the world, shows that the powers of his mind are possibly greater than at any former period of his life. But Mr. Bryant is only seventy-six, while Mr. Verplanck died at the age of eighty-four.

FORTHCOMING CONCERTS.—April 14, Monday Popular Concert. St. James's Hall. 8.0.—21. Herr Carl Hauser, Concert. Hanover-square Rooms. 8.0.—22. Mr. Wilhelm Coenen's Concert. Hanover-square Rooms. 8.0.—23. Philharmonic Society. St. James's Hall. 8.0.—27. Oratorio Concert. St. James's Hall. 8.0.—28. Mr. and Mrs. R. Blagrove's Concert. St. James's Hall. 8.30.—May 7. Mrs. Walter Macfarlane's Pianoforte Recital. Hanover-square Rooms. 3.0.—9. Philharmonic Society. St. James's Hall. 8.0.—11. Oratorio Concert, "Rebekah," and "Alexander's Feast." St. James's Hall. 8.0.—14. Miss Amy Perry's Concert. Hanover-square Rooms. 2.5. Oratorio Concert, "Choral Symphony," and "Lobgesang." St. James's Hall. 8.0.

PICTURES FOR THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF 1870.—The exhibition pictures to be one of more than average interest, although certain favourites of the public, notably Mr. Leighton, Mr. Sandys, and Mr. Erskine Nicol, have been prevented by illness from contributing to it. It is understood that Mr. Holman Hunt also will be unrepresented.—Mr. Millais sends six pictures. The chief of these, "The Inundation," represents the wild course of a flood in an English village bearing away a little child, happy in her ignorance of danger, smiling out of her wooden cradle, which has been made an ark of refuge by a kitten.—Mr. Watts, Fred has an important picture called "The Day is Done." It represents the interior of a Scotch working man's cottage, at the hour when the bedtime of the children has arrived and that of the elders is approaching. The father of the household, weary with the labours of the day, has fallen into a doze over his newspaper; while the mother is putting her baby in the cradle, grumpy, in high white cap, is hearing another of the children say his prayers; a third youngster, nearly undressed, betrays, in his half-sleep, half-reflective face, his impatience of any delay in getting to bed.—Mr. Frith, in addition to a portrait of Mrs. Wybert Rousby in "Twist and Crown," sends "Sir Roger de Coverley and the Widow," "A Sketch at Homburg," "York in the Glove-shop," and two less important works.—Sir Francis Grant, Messrs. Desanges exhibit portraits. Foreign art will be represented by MM. Edouard Frère, Alma Tadema, Duverger, and Mdlme. Bodichon; and female art by Mrs. Ward, Miss Solomon, and probably Mrs. Benham Hay.

Now that the season is coming on for picnics and outdoor parties, Dunn and Hewitt's essence of coffee will win the praises of many a merry group. It is so convenient to carry, so easily prepared, so fragrant, so refreshing, and withal so economical, that we do not wonder it has already become so popular, but it would doubtless be much more so were it better known.

SOMETHING LIKE A CHIGNON.—The longest "switch" of human hair on record was six feet long, and was exhibited at the London Exposition of 1861. Quite a little romance is connected with it. It came from the head of a Swabian peasant girl, who had two suitors for her hand—one a poor farm hand, and the other a rich miller. The miller owned the cottage in which the Swabian girl and her widowed mother lived, and being as selfish and unscrupulous as he was wealthy, threatened to drive his tenants out of their home unless his suit was successful, although they had already paid part of the price demanded for the cottage, and were saving and working to pay the remainder. In this emergency a travelling hair merchant appeared in the village, and soon offered to marry the miller, or have her aged mother driven from home and home, the girl determined upon the sacrifice of her beautiful hair. It was taken to the Leipzig annual fair, and sold there to an American dealer.

Our Work-Table.

DOYLEY, &c., IN NETTING AND DARNING OR CROCHET.

If netting and darning two cottons will be required, as we have explained with designs, the sizes being regulated according as it is desired to employ the article simply as a d'oyley or as a small antimacassar. In the latter case coarser cotton and needles will, we need hardly say, be necessary.

DESIGN FOR CHAIR-SEAT OR SOFA-CUSHION.

This elegant design may be recommended alike for its simplicity and effect. We will describe it as for an Elizabethan chair-seat, for which our designer had intended it; but it would also, as we have implied by the heading, prove a very suitable design for a drawing-room sofa-cushion. In some few cases, if the furniture of the room should seem to demand it, it might be necessary to vary the colours; but this may well be left to the taste of individual workers. The ground should be filled with black, to throw up the colours.

The size of the canvas will be necessarily chosen to suit the object to which it is to be applied—whether the chair or cushion be large or small. A great improvement to the general appearance will be found derived by crossing all the veins with floss silk, the value of floss silk in all kinds of woolwork being very great when judiciously employed. The leaves composing the pattern number fourteen, of which the following will be an attractive arrangement, or they may be suitably worked in different shades of green:—

- No. 1, red, with white and grey veins.
- No. 2, grey, with green veins.
- No. 3, green, with red veins.
- No. 4, red, with green veins.
- No. 5, green, with red veins.
- No. 6, brown, with yellow veins.
- No. 7, green, with red veins.
- No. 8, yellow, with green veins.
- No. 9, grey, with red veins.
- No. 10, yellow, with red veins.
- No. 11, green, with white veins.

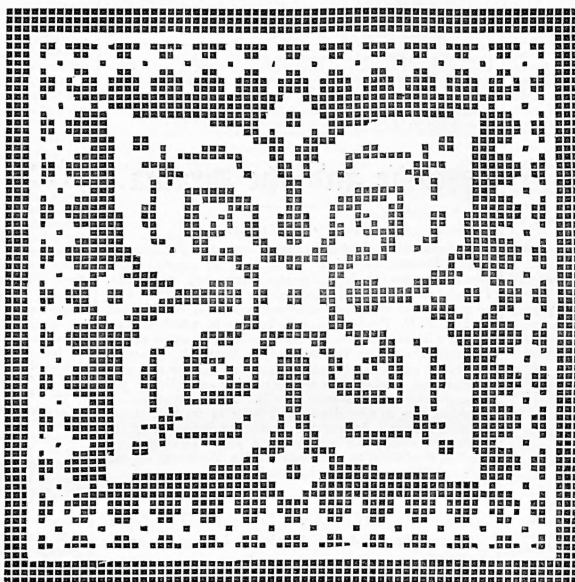


Fig. 1.—D'OLEY OR ANTIMACASSAR.

- No. 12, red, with grey and white veins.
- No. 13, brown, with green veins.
- No. 14, grey, with green veins.

BRAIDED SACHET.

Materials.—Rich green velvet or satin, braid just one shade darker, edged with gold. Gold tassels and fringe to match.

The pattern to be braided on one side only of the sachet. White silk must be quilted (with a little scent introduced) for the lining; pockets to be made of the

same. Trim with a rich fringe, and a tassel at each corner.

NETTED COVER FOR MUSIC-STOOL.

Materials.—Crochet thread, fine knitting cotton, mesh No. 8, and a flat bone mesh half an inch in width. Two netting needles will be required. Fill one with thread, and the second with cotton, and when the directions are to net on small mesh use thread, and on large cotton.

Commence with 40 stitches on small mesh, and net 3 rounds then on large; net 3 in every alternate loop; net 4 rounds on small, net 1 on large, net 2 together on large; next round, 3 in every loop on large; net 3 rounds on small, net 2 in each loop on large, net 18 rounds on small, 1 round on large; then 1, taking 2 together on large; next round, 3 in each on large; net 12 rounds on small mesh, 2 in each on large; then take 2 together on large; next round, 3 in each on large, 1 round on small; 1 round, 1 in each on large; 1 take 2 together on large, 1 net 3 in each on large; 1 round on small; 1 round, 1 in each on large; 1 take 2 together on large, 1 net 3 in each on large, 1 round on small, 1 round 1 in each on large, 1 take 2 together on large, 1 three in 1 on large, 1 round on small, 1 in each on large; last round, take 2 together on large mesh.

Work the design, as in illustration, with cotton, and finish with a fringe, which is made as follows: Fill a large needle with double cotton, and net four loops in each loop on a flat mesh three inches broad.

This cover will have a much richer and more elegant effect if worked with Berlin wools: the centre, shaded amber; the border, violet; and the edge and fringe, green. The design may also be worked in green.

The Housekeeper.

THE DRESSING OF DINNER-TABLES, &c.

THE three modes of laying out a dinner-table generally practised in the United Kingdoms are thus succinctly described in the *Household Guide*:—

The old English way, in which the table-cloth is removed after the cheese and the dessert are set on the bare mahogany;

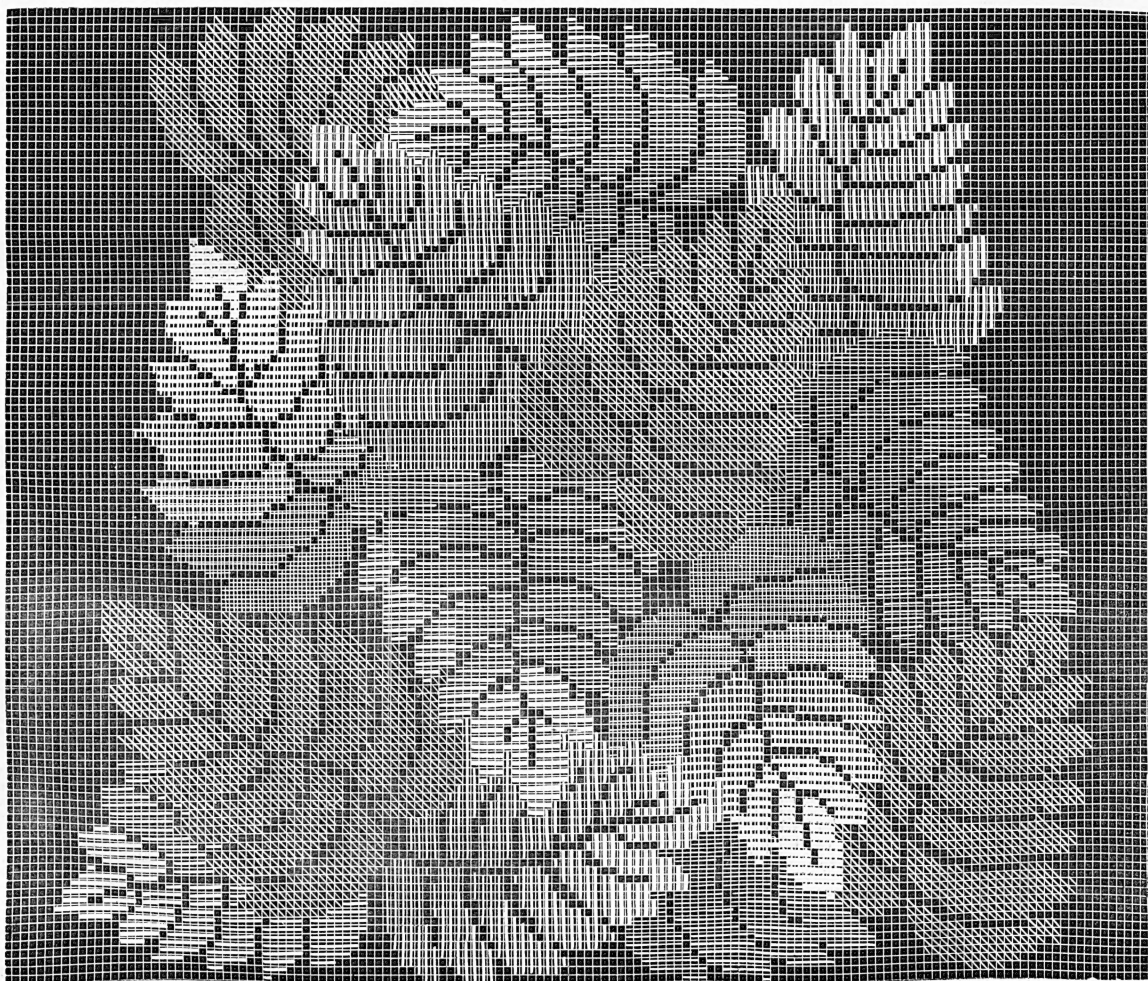


Fig. 2.—CHAIR-SEAT OR SOFA-CUSHION.

the French way, in which the table-cloth remains to the last; and the Russian way, in which the dessert is set on the table at the time of laying it out, and remains permanently there throughout the meal. This last arrangement, the *dinner à la Russe*, is growing in favour, in consequence of its elegance and its economy both of expense and trouble. An objection to it is that it cannot always be carried out on a very small table and in a small dining-room. It is admirably adapted for large dinner-parties, official banquets, public festive meetings, and *tables d'hôte*; but it is not always suited for a snug party dining together, either in public or private, at a table of modest dimensions, around and outside which elbow-room is scanty.

One fault of the old English dinner was the immense multiplicity of dishes which every dinner-giver was obliged to produce. In the olden time, the table at each successive course, had to be covered with a set number of dishes, which served for ornament rather than for use, as it was impossible to taste one-third of them. It was hard work for a family to have to eat their way out of the leavings of a dinner-party. The mistake of overloading the bill of fare is much easier to avoid now than it was forty or fifty years ago. English dinners, since that time, have passed through a series of radical reforms. The leader of the movement may be assumed to be the late police magistrate, Walker, who, in his "Original," strongly urged that it was possible to dine well off a very few dishes. The book, which contains both instruction and amusement, is still well worth referring to. The modern fashions—of substituting the white table-cloth for the brown mahogany at dessert; of decorating the table with the dessert and with flowers from the beginning; and of carving joints at side-tables and handing the dishes round—greatly relieve the dinner-giver of the temptation to display ostentatious masses of fish or meat.

Another fault was the break and the disturbance caused by the removal of the cloth after cheese and the setting on the dessert. Conversation was interrupted; and the thread of pleasant discourse, once broken, is hard to be mended smoothly and neatly. The host and hostess were on thorns

lest each dish of fruit should miss its place or fail to find its appointed partner opposite. Much of the interruption caused by such changes is avoided by the French and Russian plans.

With the white cloth, before the dessert is attacked, a sweep round with the crumb-brush is rapidly performed. The cloth will be kept still more spotless for dessert, if the portion of it occupied by the *plates only* is covered with napkins, to be removed at the close of dinner, leaving the under-cloth itself unsullied white. Of course, none of the standing dishes of the dessert must set foot upon these temporary napkins.

knew a plated dinner-service which was calculated, after a course of years, to have more than paid for itself by avoiding breakage. On each guest's plate, or beside it, there is, of course, a dinner-napkin. In a modest French establishment, a table laid without a napkin for each person would be considered as incomplete as a bed without sheets would be here. Napkins are things to be taken for granted, about the presence of which there is no question. They may be folded accorded to fancy, placed on the plate with a roll of bread inside, or stuck in a fan-shape into the beer-glass; but some prefer them laid on the plate or table with no manipulation.

At dessert, a coloured finger-glass to each guest, purple, green, pink, or blue—by alternating colours you get a pleasing effect on the white cloth—is a good old custom. These glasses are not merely a pretty ornamental addition, but they are really useful. However neatly a person may eat, sugary sweets and juicy fruits will leave a trace on the finger-tips: not to mention asparagus, smelts, peach or apple fritters, or gingerbread cakes, if handled when eaten, which is perfectly orthodox. Shrimps and other crustaceans, which also are allowed to come in contact with the finger and thumb, betray the presence of saline elements. Now, it is uncomfortable, to say the least, for a young lady to draw on kid gloves or sit down to the piano with clammy fingers. A finger-glass remedies the inconvenience. The hand may be dipped, the napkin slightly wetted and applied to the lips; and that is all, according to our code of etiquette. A refinement is to supply the mixed with eau-de-

finger-glasses with tepid water Cologne.

One marked feature in the English and foreign styles of dining is the place respectively occupied by cheese. With us, it is the bouquet, or finishing-touch of the *dinner*—Continental make it the pearl of the dessert. The fourteenth of Brillat-Savarin's twenty aphorisms is, "*Un dessert sans fromage est une belle à qu'il manque un œil*"—"A dessert without cheese is a beautiful woman who has lost an eye."



Fig. 3.—SACHET.

According to either mode, the plate of each guest is flanked with at least three glasses—a tumbler, beaker, or beer-glass, for malt liquor or wine and water; a large or claret wine-glass; and a smaller or port and sherry glass. All these are now made of luxurious forms and materials. A champagne-glass, when that wine is given, completes the goodly quaterion. The dinner-service, porcelain or china, will depend on taste and means. A plated dinner-service, though costly at the outset, has the advantage of never being broken. We once

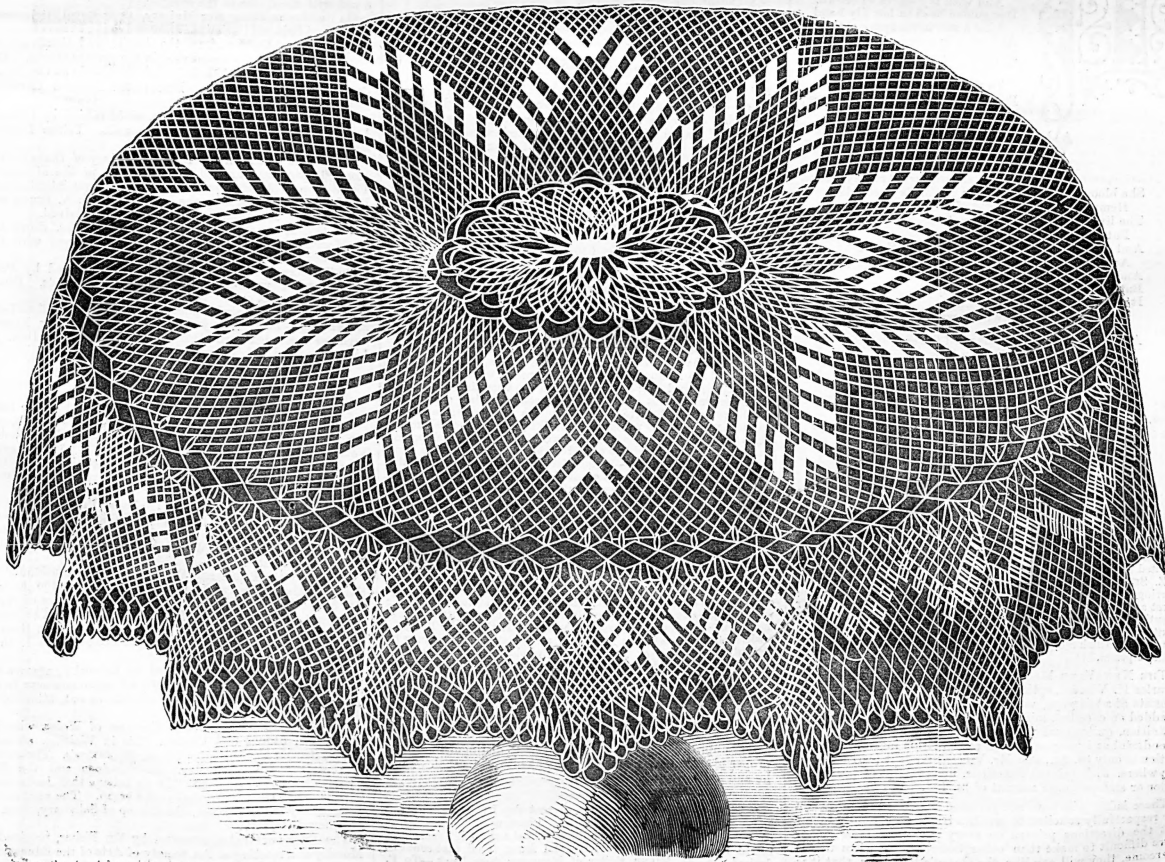


Fig. 4.—COVER FOR MUSIC-STOOL.

Cheese appears, at dessert, not entire, like our Stiltons and Cottenhams, wrapped in their snow-white napkin, but in slices or portions, covered by bell-glasses: because some of them, as Rochfort, Brie, and Marolles cheeses, smell so strong as scarcely to be pleasant to impressionable noses.

In the Russian mode almost all the carving is done at a side-table. A dish is placed on the table for a few moments to be looked at while its predecessor is being eaten, and then removed to be dissected and distributed. Nevertheless, at private dinners an amiable hostess will take the opportunity of serving the soup herself to each guest by way of welcome. And when the carving is done at side-tables, and the viands sent round, the lord or lady of the feast should distribute at least some one dish with their own hands (which was Talleyrand's constant practice) as a graceful proof of their hospitable intentions, and to save their dinner from bearing too great a resemblance to a *table d'hôte*. As only one dish is brought forward at a time, each guest is furnished with a bill of fare, to take, or wait for, what he likes best. The *hors d'œuvres*—radishes, pickles, olives, shrimps, sardines, anchovies, sliced ham, tongue, or sausage, &c. &c.—are disposed up and down the table, adding to its ornamentation, to be taken at will in the intervals of serving. A waiter is ready at hand with salad, for those who choose to eat it with their roast.

A French dinner may be served either in courses; or all set on the table at once, the hot things on chafin-dishes; or in successive dishes, as just described. The last is the most common modern practice, especially for small friendly entertainments. The cook, not being distracted by having to send up a multiplicity of things at once, is able to give her undivided attention to the finishing off of every individual dish. Nevertheless, the simultaneous plan of serving has a simplicity of grace and welcome, especially in summer, when things do not speedily get cold. As a sample, we give the following bill of fare for a family dinner, the dessert being on the table from the commencement.

Dessert *à la Russe*. Strawberries and Cream. Cherries.

Biscuits. Cheeses. Mixed Sweets, &c.

COURSES.

Vermicelli Soup. Madeira.

Fowl Stewed in Rice. St. Emilion Claret.

Braised Leg of Mutton. Saphire Sauce. Burgundy.

Sweetbreads (White). Dutch Sauce. Green Peas. Sauterne.
Roast: Loin of Beef. Salad. St. Estéphe Claret.

Little Custards in Pots, flavoured with Curaçoa.

Dessert. Bagnolles. Champagne.

Coffee. Liqueurs.

Peaches, apricots, apples, pears, and other choice fruits of like dimensions, look well, laid each on a vine-leaf with its side upraised, so as to form a sort of partition between each fruit. If you have flowers upon the table, take care that they are placed in vessels of a shape not liable to be upset.

BALDER'S WIFE.

ER casement like a watchful eye
From the face of the wall looks
down,

Lashed round with ivy vines so dry,
And with ivy leaves so brown,
Her golden head in her lily hand
Like a star in the spray o' th' sea,
And warily rocking to and fro,
She sings so sweet and she sings so
low

To the little babe on her knee,
But let her sing what tune she may,
Never so light and never so gay,
It slips and slides and dies away
To the moan of the willow water.

Like some bright honey-hearted rose
That the wild wind rudely mocks,
She blooms from the dawn to the day's sweet close
Hemmed in with a world of rocks.

The livelong night she doth not stir,
But keeps at her casement lorn,
And the skirts of the darkness shine with her
As they shine with the light of the morn.
And all who pass may hear her lay,
But let it be what tune it may,
It slips and slides and dies away
To the moan of the willow water.

And there within that one-eyed tower,
Lashed round with the ivy brown,
She droops like some unspiced flower
That the rainfall washes down:
The damp o' th' dew in her golden hair,
Her cheek like the spray o' th' sea,
And warily rocking to and fro
She sings so sweet and she sings so low
To the little babe on her knee,
But let her sing what tune she may,
Never so glad and never so gay,
It slips and slides and dies away
To the moan of the willow water.

HOLBORN VALLEY VIADUCT being now opened, attention is directed to the increased facilities of approach to the Establishment of Z. SIMPSON & Co., Nos. 45 and 46, late 48, 49, 50 and 53, Farringdon-street, City, within three minutes of the Farringdon-street and Ludgate stations. Z. Simpson and Co. invite particular attention to their large and well-assorted stock of Silks, Dresses, Mantles, Family Drapery and Fancy Goods, purchased in the most favourable British and Foreign Markets, and marked at the lowest possible prices.

THE NEW DAVID METER (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 23, Windsor-street, Liverpool) consists of a telescope, well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d.

Those ladies who have not yet tried the GLENFIELD STARCH are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package. It is rather more difficult to make than other Starches, but when this is overcome, they will say like the Queen's laundress, that it is the finest Starch they ever used.

Correspondence.

[We invite discussion on all subjects of interest to ladies, and it must be distinctly understood therefore, that by giving insertion to the letters of correspondents, we do not necessarily identify ourselves with the opinions of the writers.—Ed. L.O.P.]

MRS. ROUSBY AS THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

To the Editor of the LADY'S OWN PAPER.

Sir,—In your interesting article of March 26, on the talent and deserved success of that accomplished artist, Mrs. Rousby, in the character of the Lady Elizabeth Tudor, in Mr. Tom Taylor's noble historical drama, *Twelfth Ace and Crown*, you remark, that "the features of the lady are those which might be supposed to belong to Elizabeth in her early days, and is a mere accident that adds to the truthfulness of the performance." Permit me to say that the resemblance of the actress to the Princess is not altogether accidental. I have very good authority in stating that Mrs. Rousby claims lineage maternally from an old Cambro-British family, whose ancestors intermarried with the Tudor chieftains prior to the achievements of Henry of Richmond which gave him a name and throne in England. Hence the likeness to Elizabeth. Dame Nature repeats herself in form and feature after several generations. Hence it was that, on the 1st of this month (St. David's-day), Mrs. Rousby wore the silver leek, the emblem of Wales, in honour of the occasion and as a trophy in recollection of the gallant deeds of her countrymen of yore, and also for the sake of the great Elizabeth, the royal maiden she so ably personified, and out of compliment to her family, who are true and constant in their nationalities. For the same reason did Mr. Rousby, in the character of Courtenay, Earl of Devon (as the impassioned lover, in the garden scene of the Tower), wear the leek entwined with the "white rose," in compliment to his charming and amiable wife. I mark this little incident as being unprecedented on the English stage since the dynasty of the Tudors and the reign of the great Shakespeare. This incident was witnessed by a party of Welsh ladies and gentlemen on that night, who were no less charmed with the rare beauty of Mrs. Rousby than delighted with her admirable performance.

You say truly, Sir, that "Mrs. Rousby is an artist who has no need to rely on fortuitous." With all my respect for ancestry I readily endorse your remark for general use, will make itself known and be recognised and appreciated, it matters not from what source it springs. And for one heartily congratulate my fair compatriot on the difficulties she has encountered and overcome, and the great success she has achieved.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
London, March 30, 1870. GWYLLYM MEREDYTH.

WIVES IN ENGLAND AND THE HUSBANDS IN CANADA.

To the Editor of the LADY'S OWN PAPER.

Sir,—I have on my list a good many sorrowing wives with families pining to rejoin their beloved husbands, who in their turn are bemoaning the forced absence of those who "halve our sorrows and double our joys." I sincerely ask for the sympathy and liberal help of all, but especially of the ladies of England, to aid in reuniting these poor wives, husbands, and children.—I remain, yours obediently,
Incumbent, and Chairman of the Clerkenwell Emigration Club.

45, Colebrooke-row, Islington.
P.S.—Cheques may be crossed London and Westminster.
P.O.O. on Islington.

LADY STUDENTS AND FAIR PLAY.

To the Editor of the LADY'S OWN PAPER.

Sir,—May I bring under your notice the enclosed extract from the *Stoteman* newspaper of the 29th? Surely the principle of justice is the same to men and women?—Yours obediently,
A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

March 30.
Yesterday, at the Chemistry Class in the University, the results of the examinations held in the course of the Session were announced by Professor Crane, under the presidency of the students had attained first-class honours. Their numbers stood as follows: 87, 88, 85, 84, 82, 81, 80, 90, 78, 76, 75, 75. The third name on this list is that of Miss Mary Edith Pecey (85), the tenth that of Miss Sophia Jax Blake (76)—two of the six lady students who, in accordance with the decision of the University authorities at the beginning of the Session, had been admitted to study in the medical classes. To the four students whose names stand highest in the Chemistry Class for the Session the Hope Scholarships fall to be awarded, two of which entitle the holder to attend at the laboratory for the winter and summer sessions, and two for six months only. Dr. Crum Brown, however, announced yesterday that the scholarships would be given, not to the four students highest on the list, but to Messrs. (1) Wilson, (2) Alston, (3) Young, and (4) McQueen—Miss Pecey's name, which stood third, being thus dropped out; though it was at the same time announced that Miss Pecey was entitled to, and would receive, one of five medals awarded to the five highest students of the Session. This decision, which is not, we understand, likely to pass unchallenged, seems the more ungracious when the origin of the scholarships—of what seems her clear right to one of which Miss Pecey has thus been arbitrarily deprived—is considered. They arose out of the success of a course of lectures given a number of years ago by Dr. Hope, then professor of chemistry, to a ladies' class held in the University. Dr. Hope was so much gratified by the popularity of these lectures, that with their proceeds, amounting to about a thousand pounds, he founded the scholarships in question. It is rather remarkable that, on the first occasion on which ladies have had the chance of competing for these scholarships, of the five who should have triumphantly entitled themselves by their position in the list to the honour and reward—still more remarkable, surely, that she should not receive it! The facts as to Miss Pecey's eminence are even stronger than they appear as stated above; for we understand that both the gentlemen whose names precede hers had attended a previous course of chemistry, so that Miss Pecey's position is absolutely the highest of all the students who may be grouped as students of the year—the whole number of the class being about 236, inclusive of the six ladies.

A CABMAN AND HIS HORSE DROWNED.—On Monday evening a cabman drove a hansom cab along that part of the Harrow-road leading to the canal at Westbourne-park, the approach to which is somewhat dangerous at night through being unprotected. The cabman, not distinguishing the proper place to turn off, drove straight into the canal. Both he and his horse were drowned.

"There is no medicine at the present day I value so highly as Perry Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer. I have used it in my family for years, and in every instance it has proved a sovereign remedy. I tested it to-day on a severe burn, and found it all that could be desired.—A. D. MANSIE, Editor of *Messenger*, New York.—To P. D. & Son, London."



Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

THE QUEEN went out at Claremont on Wednesday morning last week, accompanied by Princess Beatrice; and Her Majesty drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Louise and attended by Lady Churchill, and in the drive called at Morgan House, Ham-common, the residence of the Duke of Chartres. Her Majesty afterwards went to look at the new church at Esher. Colonel du Plat was in attendance on horseback.

Mr. Robert Pritchett had the honour of submitting his sketches for the Queen's inspection; and Mr. Williamson had the honour of showing Her Majesty some of his pieces of sculpture.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, arrived at Windsor Castle on the Thursday morning from Claremont. In attendance were Lady Churchill, the Hon. Mary Lascelles, Major-General Sir T. M. Biddulph, Colonel Ponsonby, Colonel Du Plat, and Mr. Duckworth.

Prince Leopold, attended by Mr. Duckworth and Colonel Ponsonby, drove to Esher and planted two trees in the village, in commemoration of his royal highness's first visit to Claremont, and in memory of the late King of the Belgians, who was for fifty years Lord of the Manor of Esher. The Rev. A. Williams presented an address on behalf of the inhabitants.

Her Majesty held a Council in the afternoon at three o'clock, at which were present Earl de Grey and Ripon, Earl Granville, the Earl of Kimberley, and Viscount Sidney. Earl de Grey and Earl Granville held audiences of the Queen. Mr. Helps was clerk of the Council. Mr. Francis Ronalds arrived at the Castle and was introduced to the presence of Her Majesty by the Lord Chamberlain, and received the honour of knighthood.

The Hon. Florence Seymour arrived at the Castle as Maid of Honour in Waiting.

The Queen received on Thursday night the sad intelligence of the death of General the Hon. C. Grey, and on Friday morning Her Majesty, desirous of testifying her great regard for the lamented General and regret for his loss, went to London, accompanied by Princess Louise, and paid a visit of condolence to the Hon. Mrs. Grey at St. James's Palace. Her Majesty was attended by Lady Churchill and Colonel Ponsonby.

Colonel the Hon. D. F. de Ros and Colonel H. Ponsonby succeeded Lord Alfred Paget and Colonel du Plat as Equerries in Waiting.

On Friday afternoon the Queen walked and drove, accompanied by Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice, and Her Majesty went out on Saturday morning, attended by the Hon. Florence Seymour. Princess Christian visited the Queen and remained to luncheon. Princess Louise, attended by Lady de Grey and Colonel the Hon. A. Liddell, went to London, and was present at a lecture given by Mr. J. N. Lockyer at the Royal Institution. Her royal highness returned to Windsor in the afternoon. The Queen, accompanied by Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice, drove out. The Hon. Mary Lascelles was in attendance. Prince and Princess Christian dined with the Queen in the evening.

On Sunday morning Her Majesty, their Royal Highnesses Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, and the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, attended Divine Service in the private chapel. The Bishop of Oxford, who had arrived at the Castle on the Saturday, preached the sermon. Prince and Princess Christian remained to luncheon.

On Monday morning the Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, also went out.

The Right Hon. H. A. Bruce, Secretary of State for the Home Department, arrived at the Castle in the afternoon. The Bishop of Manchester also arrived, and was introduced to Her Majesty's presence by the Right Hon. H. A. Bruce, and did homage. The Hon. Eva Macdonald also arrived.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, drove out on Monday afternoon. Princess Christian dined with the Queen in the evening.

On Tuesday morning Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, walked and drove in the grounds. Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice also went out.

The Countess of Caledon succeeded Lady Churchill as Lady in Waiting. Lord Camoys and Major-General Sir Francis Seymour succeeded Lord Methuen and Colonel the Hon. A. Liddell as Lord and Groom in Waiting.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor, General Sir William Knollys, Captain Ellis, and Mr. Fisher, visited the City of London Middle-class Schools, Finsbury, on Wednesday afternoon last week. In the evening the Prince of Wales, attended by the Marquis of Hamilton, presided at the annual dinner of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys.

On the Thursday her Royal Highness Princess Christian visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. The Prince of Wales rode out, attended by Captain Ellis. The Princess of Wales, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor, drove out.

On Friday the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor and Captain Ellis, visited the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists. The Princess of Wales drove out, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor. The Prince and Princess of Wales paid a visit to the Hon. Mrs. Grey at St. James's Palace, to offer their condolences on the death of General Grey.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Kingscote and Captain Ellis, hunted with the Surrey Stag-hounds near Lewes on Saturday. The Princess of Wales drove out, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor.

On Sunday the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Hon. Mrs. Stonor and Captain Ellis in Waiting, attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The service was performed by the Rev. the Sub-dean and the Rev. Thomas Helmore. Anthem, "If we believe that Jesus died!"

Goss. Mr. Cooper presided at the organ. The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Salisbury, from St. Matthew iv. 5, 6, 7.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Mr. Fisher, presided on Monday at a meeting at the Society of Arts of the Educational Section of the International Exhibition of 1871. The Princess

of Wales drove out, accompanied by the Marchioness of Hamilton. The Prince of Wales rode out, attended by Captain Ellis.

The Princess of Wales drove out on Tuesday, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor. The Prince of Wales rode out, attended by Captain Ellis.

Preparations are now made for the Prince and Princess of Wales and family to spend the Easter holidays at Sandringham. Their new residence is making rapid progress towards completion, but it will not be ready for occupation till the autumn. The Prince and Princess will stay at Park House, the residence of Sir W. Knollys, and the suite and guests at the Bachelors' Cottage.

CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY.—The Sunday evening preachers appointed for the present month are as follows: 10th, Very Rev. Dr. Hook, dean of Chichester; 17th, Rev. Francis Garden, sub-dean of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal; 24th, Rev. Henry White, chaplain of the Savoy and of the House of Commons.

THE COURT.—Her Majesty, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, and attended by the royal suite, were to leave Windsor Castle for the Isle of Wight yesterday. Her Majesty will reside at Osborne during Easter, and remain there till the first week in May, when the Court will return to Windsor previous to a short visit to the metropolis, and then return to Windsor again before the Queen's departure for Scotland. It is expected Her Majesty will reside in the Highlands until the middle of June.

The Queen will hold a Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, the 10th of May next, at three o'clock.

According to present arrangements, his Royal Highness Prince Arthur will return to England in August.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary Adelaide and his Serene Highness Prince of Teck returned to town on Monday from visiting the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle.

The *London Standard* announces that Her Majesty's birthday will be kept on Saturday, the 25th of May.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Marquis of Bute does not intend to visit Australia and New Zealand on leaving Rome, as was stated. His lordship is expected home in a few weeks.

Lord and Lady Euston of Tatton entertained at dinner on Monday evening, at their residence in St. James's-square, his Excellency the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and his Excellency the Swedish Minister.

The Countess Ashburnham and Ladies Ashburnham have arrived at Ashburnham House, from their seat in Sussex, for the season.

Baron and Baroness Meyer de Rothschild have arrived in town for the season.

Lady Ross of Balnagowan gave birth to a daughter, still-born, at Balnagowan Castle, on Tuesday, the 22nd ult. Her ladyship is now progressing favourably.

Mr. W. B. Beaumont, M.P., and Lady Margaret Beaumont entertained his Excellency the Turkish Ambassador and Mdlle. Musurus, the Earl and Countess of Kimberley and Lady Alice Wodehouse, Viscount and Viscountess Mahon, Lord and Lady Eustace Cecil, Lord Eliot, Hon. G. Duncan, the Right Hon. H. A. and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Pender, Mr. Thomas Baring, Mr. William Peel, Mr. Lecky, Miss Mary Alderson, &c., at dinner, on Saturday, at their residence, in Piccadilly. Later in the evening Lady Margaret Beaumont invited a select company to be present at dramatic readings by Miss Neilson (Mrs. P. H. Lee). In the blue drawing-room a dais covered with scarlet carpeting and tastefully arranged in front with flowers and tropical plants, and judiciously illuminated, was arranged for the accomplished actress. The other part of the saloon and the ante-drawing-room were filled with chairs for the audience. The visitors began to assemble at ten o'clock, the hostess receiving her guests in the crimson drawing-room. Refreshments were served in the library during the entertainment. Lord and Lady Augustus Hervey have been among the company visiting the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle during the visit of the Duchess of Cambridge and Prince and Princess Teck.

Lady Susan Godolphin Milbank gave birth to a daughter on Sunday last.

On Saturday night the Countess de Grey had an assembly at her residence in Carlisle-gardens, at which a numerous and fashionable company assembled. Previously to the reception the Lord President of the Council and Countess entertained a party at dinner.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and family are expected to arrive at Montagu House immediately after Easter.

The Earl and Countess of Harwich had a dinner party on Saturday at their residence, in Portman-square.

Lord George and Lady Adeline Manners have been staying at Belvoir Castle during the visit of the Duchess of Cambridge and Prince and Princess Teck to the Duke of Rutland.

DEATH OF GENERAL HON. C. GREY.—General Grey died at his residence in St. James's Palace, at ten o'clock on Thursday night last week. Immediately after his death the mournful news was telegraphed to Her Majesty. Earl Grey, Lady Halifax, and other members of the family were in constant attendance during his last hours. The lamented General was the second son of Charles, second Earl Grey, the distinguished statesman, by the Hon. Mary Elizabeth Ponsonby, only daughter of William Drabazon, first Lord Ponsonby. He was born March 15, 1804, consequently he had recently entered his sixty-seventh year. He married, July 26, 1836, Caroline Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Sir Thomas Harvie Farquhar, Bart., by whom, who survives him, he leaves issue an only son, Albert Henry Grey, and several daughters—the eldest, Sybil Mary, married to the Duke of St. Albans. He was appointed in 1866 one of the Joint Keepers of the Queen's Privy Purse, and in May the following year was appointed to the highly confidential and responsible position of Private Secretary to Her Majesty, which office he held at his death. The late General Grey was the author of "Life and Opinions of Charles, second Earl Grey," and had edited several of the works written by Her Majesty for publication; he also supervised the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey's recent work, "A Narrative of the Prince and Princess of Wales's Tour in the East."

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, attended by Lady Geraldine Somerset and Lord Frederick Paul, left St. James's Palace on Thursday morning last week for Belvoir Castle, on a visit to the Duke of Rutland.

Lady Herbert of Lea and Lady Mary Herbert arrived at Lisbon at the end of last week, in consequence of the alarming illness of her ladyship's son, the Hon. Reginald Herbert, R.N. The friends of the family will be gratified to learn that the Hon. Reginald Herbert, who had been in a precarious state from measles and congestion of the lungs, is pronounced

out of danger. He is still an invalid, and much care is requisite for his early recovery.

The Hon. and Rev. William Wodehouse died on Sunday last at the great age of eighty-seven years, having been for nearly sixty years rector of Highnam, Norfolk. He was the youngest son of John, first Lord Wodehouse, and great-uncle of the Earl of Kimberley. He married, February 11, 1807, Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Hassey, of Galtrim, county Meath, by Lady Mary Walpole, daughter of the first Earl of Orford.

The Earl and Countess Amherst entertained a select party at dinner on Tuesday evening at their residence in Grosvenor-square.

On Tuesday night Lady Abinger had an assembly at the family residence in Cromwell-road. Previously to her ladyship's evening party, Lord and Lady Abinger entertained a select party at dinner.

FOREIGN COURTS.

There appears now to be no longer any doubt that the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain and her consort, Francis d'Assise, have mutually signed an act of separation, *de corps et des biens*, as the French say, not for any new family domestic reasons, but on purely financial grounds.

The Nice journals announce the arrival in that town of the Count and Countess Clary, travelling with Mdlle. Marie d'Albe, niece of the Empress, on their way to Rome.

The *Piccolo Giornale* of Naples states that King Victor Emmanuel has subscribed 2,000fr. to the monument of Dante.

The *Corriere* of Milan mentions that Prince Humbert and the Princess Marguerite are about to visit that city and remain there for a month, residing in the palace. Several grand receptions are to be held during their stay.

A NEW CANDIDATE FOR THE SPANISH THRONE.—The *Correspondencia* of Madrid states that another aspirant to the throne of Spain has appeared in the person of Prince Louis Auguste Marie de Saxe-Coburg Gotha. The Prince was born in 1845, is an Admiral in the Brazilian Navy, and husband of the Princess Leopoldine, daughter of the Emperor of Brazil. He is, therefore, brother-in-law of the Comte D'Eu, and has now three children.

The Emperor of Russia will visit Germany this summer, and will stay some time at Ems, and proceed thence to Darmstadt.

The Princess Maria Christina of Naples has died, aged three months.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

On Thursday, the 24th ult., the marriage of Hugh de Fellenberg Montgomery, Esq., of Blessingbourne, county Tyrone, Ireland, with Miss Mary Maude, youngest daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. J. C. Maude, Rector of Enniskillen, was celebrated at Rosseroy Church, county Fermanagh. The bride was attended by six bridesmaids—viz., Miss A. Maude (sister of the bride), Hon. Isabella Hewitt, Miss Hall, Miss Alice Hall, Greenpark; Miss Emily and Miss Rosalie Maude, nieces of the bride. The bride was attired in a rich corded silk tastefully trimmed with silk, Brussels lace, orange blossoms, jessamine, and shamrock, with wreath to match and tulle veil, pearl ornaments. The bridesmaid's dresses were of white book muslin, with flounces and pailments, trimmed with emerald green satin, and sashes to match. Tulle bouquets, ornamented with blush roses and fern-leaves, and long tulle veils.

The marriage of Mr. Borthwick with Miss Lister took place on Tuesday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The officiating clergy were the Rev. E. H. Crook, D.D., Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford, uncle of the bride, and the Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell. The bridesmaids were Lady Katherine Parker, the Hon. Rosa Walsh, Miss Edith Ogilvy, Miss Borthwick, Miss Lister, and Miss Hamilton. The "best man" was Mr. Cameron, M.P., of Lochiel. After the ceremony a breakfast was given at 61, Eaton-square, the residence of Mr. Villiers Lister, brother of the bride. Early in the afternoon the newly-wedded couple left town for Strawberry-hill, Twickenham.

A marriage has been arranged between A. C. Wolsley Cox, Esq., 12th Royal Lancers, Aide-de-Camp to General Lord Strathairn, G.C.B., G.C.I.S., Commander of the Forces in Ireland, and Mrs. Thomas Donaldson, widow of the late Captain Donaldson, 3rd (K.O.) Hussars.

On the 20th inst. the marriage of Francis Adams, Esq., with Miss Julia Drummond will take place.

The marriage between Lady Constance Nelson, daughter of the Earl and Countess Nelson, and the Hon. and Rev. Bertrand Bouverie, son of the Earl of Radnor, is arranged to take place on the 21st of this month.

A marriage is arranged to take place between Miss Murray and Captain Villiers Stuart.

A marriage is arranged between Lady Alexis Duff, third daughter of the Earl of Fife, and Mr. Aubrey Coventry, second son of the Hon. Henry Coventry.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the Right Hon. Mark McDonnell, Earl of Antrim, retired captain R.N., was proved in Her Majesty's Court of Probate on the 24th ult., by the Right Hon. Jane Hannah Emma, Countess of Antrim, the relict. The personality in England was sworn under 25,000l. The will is dated Jan. 28, 1856, and a codicil Nov. 2, 1867. He appoints his nephew, Captain Robert Pechell, R.N., of Flammsted Lodge, near Dunstable, and Mr. Edward Cordington William Grey, of Christ College, Oxford, his trustees, leaving to them to hold in trust all his baronies, lordships, castles, manors, and lands in the County of Antrim for his eldest son, the present Earl, provision being made for his younger children by virtue of the power of a deed of appointment, and by reason of the death of his mother and two elder brothers, by which he became entitled to the baronies. His lordship also leaves to the Countess the use and enjoyment of the whole of the furniture, and effects which he had purchased from the Dowager Countess, which after her ladyship's decease will devolve to his successor to the title and estates. He also leaves to her ladyship all other his estates, real and personal, absolutely. The deceased Earl was third son of Lord Mark Robert Kerr and the Countess of Antrim in her own right, and leaves issue five sons and five daughters.

The will of Mr. Henry Johnson, of Alexandria, Egypt, agent for Her Majesty's Government in India, was proved under 9,000l. in this country.

The will of Mr. Samuel Bailey, of Norbury, Sheffield, was proved at Wakefield, under 120,000l. personality.

The will of William Pegg, late of Birchgrove Colliery, Llansamlet, Glamorganshire, and of Hill House, Templecombe, Somersetshire, was proved in London on the 7th ult., under 35,000l. personality, by Elizabeth Pegg, the relict, power being reserved to William Duncan Pegg, the son, and John Evan Edwards, the other executors, who are appointed trustees of the real estate. He leaves to his wife the sum of

20,000l., and all his furniture, paintings, carriages, horses, and effects, and about his residences, Birchgrove and Hill House, except farming stock. He leaves to his daughter, Flora Gertrude, 5,000l.

In the will of the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, given last week, it was incorrectly stated that the personality in England was sworn under 7,000l.—the true figures being 70,000l.

A SIX DAYS' DIARY.

MONDAY.

WE walked on the beach together
In the gloaming, she and I—
Walked hand in hand together
Under the passionate sky;
And the little waves crept trembling
To kiss her little feet,
And the rough winds fondled and tangled
The curls of my little sweet.

Ah me! for again the gloaming
Falls from the passionate sky:
Again I am walking, but lonely—
Lonely, and fain to fly
To her, the dearest and best,
To lie at her little feet:
Ah me! for that blissful rest!
Ah me! for my little sweet!

TUESDAY.

In the hammock idly swinging,
Under the idle trees,
I hear my lady singing
In tune with the evening breeze;
And peace flows into my heart,
And tears well up in my eyes,
As, hushed and happy, I swing,
And hear my lady sing—
The sweet lips just apart—
Her favourite melodies.

Ah me! it is but a dream:
I wake to longing and pain:
Come back to me, happy dream!
Let me swing and listen again.

WEDNESDAY.

It was only a dog's low whine,
Yet it stirred my heart, as the wind
Stirs the leaves of the swaying pine,
For it was her dog that whined.
And I love the little brown cur,
Crouching here at my feet,
For I know he is pining for her,
The mistress tender and sweet.
Wait, little four-footed friend!
It is hard, but we must wait:
The sorrow will have an end:
She will come to us soon or late:
She will come, your mistress and mine,
With her footfall soft as sleep;
And you shall forget to whine,
And I shall forget to weep.

THURSDAY.

Thinketh that this evening wind,
Fanning my forehead now,
Comes on an errand kind,
Is a very kiss on my brow—
A kiss come from afar,
From the sweetest of all sweet lips,
Unheeding the tempest's jar,
Outspeaking the slushy ships;
For love is swift and light:
Thought is not half so fleet.
Blow, evening wind, with might!
Carry my kiss to my sweet.

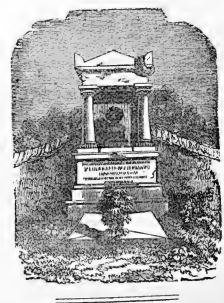
FRIDAY.

Was it only a dream?
She stood just here by my bed,
With beauty and love agleam:
She laid her hand on my head;
And the longing and heartache fled—
All the longing and pain—
Since I felt her hand on my head,
And she was with me again.

SATURDAY.

Only a short week more,
And I shall see my love:
Seven days more, and I
Shall ask nothing of these above;
For there is nothing in heaven
But the sense of perfect bliss;
And when she to my arms is given,
And our souls join in a kiss;
When I seize her white, soft hand,
And fondle her golden hair—
The snowy, tremulous hand—
The golden wonder of hair—
Pray, what should I want of Heaven,
Or ask of the gods above,
Since she to my arms is given—
My heaven, my little love!

CH. ADAMS.



Mrs. Tyndall Bruce, of Falkland, near the Lomond Hills, Fifeshire, has bequeathed 10,000l. to the Female Indigents, Edinburgh.

General News of the Week.

MISS MARY CARPENTER has just left Bombay for England by the mail steamer. She is not expected to return to India.

THE BOAT RACE.—The great annual rowing contest between Oxford and Cambridge came off on Wednesday. There was a splendid start, but Cambridge drew ahead, kept ahead, and won by a length and a half. Time, 19 min. 30 sec.

The carriages on the line of tramway from near Brixton Church to Kennington-gate will commence running to-day (Saturday). The company have ten carriages built on the American principle especially for this line of route.

EVENING SERVICES AT ST. PAUL'S.—The Bishop of London has appointed the following preachers for the remaining Sunday evening services, together with his son Seyd Mahmood, who was entered as a student of Christ's College. Seyd Ahmad has been decorated with the Star of India in recognition of his services to the British Government both in peace and war. The object of his visit to this country is to give his three sons the benefit of an English education.

A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER DROWNED.—On Friday afternoon a girl named Bond, while walking with her mother near the canal at Devises, suddenly jumped into the water. Her mother tried to rescue her, and both were drowned. It was said that the girl had lost her reason through being cast off by a man to whom she was engaged.

Mrs. Glyn is organising a "Doorstep Brigade." It proposes to employ a band of boys from ten years old and upwards in the discharge of the humble domestic duties of cleaning door-steps, areas, pavements, stonework, &c., of houses. By the way, now would be a capital time for starting the flower-girl brigade, on the principle advocated in these columns some months ago.

VISIT OF SEYD AHMAD KHAN BAHADOOR TO CAMBRIDGE.—Cambridge was visited on Monday by Seyd Ahmad Jang Bahadoor, Judge of Benares, together with his son Seyd Mahmood, who was entered as a student of Christ's College. Seyd Ahmad has been decorated with the Star of India in recognition of his services to the British Government both in peace and war. The object of his visit to this country is to give his three sons the benefit of an English education.

SEWING-MACHINES.—It is probable, an American paper states, that before long electricity will become the motive power of sewing-machines. At the fair of the American Institute last fall there was on exhibition a small electric engine, the power of which was applied to a sewing-machine. Since then improvements have been made simplifying the apparatus, and resulting in what promises to be one of the most useful inventions of the period.

CAUTION TO LADY TRAVELLERS.—At Wandsworth, Elizabeth Lewis, a young woman, has been summoned for leaving a carriage at the Wimbledon-station before the train had stopped. The defendant said she had just come up from the country, and not being in the habit of travelling upon a railway she thought the train had stopped, and got out. Mr. Dayman told her that she ought to be sure, for very often companies were mulcted in heavy damages for accidents through the fault of passengers, as they were unable to disprove it. He fined her 7s. and 2s. costs.

SUICIDE OF A LADY FROM GRIEF.—At Maghull, near Liverpool, on Tuesday last week, Mrs. Elizabeth Grindley, aged forty-two, wife of Mr. Richard Grindley, late of Prince's-park, Liverpool, committed herself through excessive grief at the death of her husband, who died the previous day, by taking from the cupboard, about noon on the Tuesday, a bottle of laudanum, and drank a quantity. She then went and lay down beside the body of her husband. A doctor was sent for, but she refused to take an emetic and persisted in lying beside the corpse. She died the same night.

ANNOYING LADIES BY BEGGING.—At Marylebone, William Payne, thirty-five years of age, has been charged with begging at a church-door on Sunday as the congregation was going in to the morning service. Thomas Markens, 35 St. James's, has complained to him that the prisoner had annoyed her by his importunity in pressing her to buy a box of fuses. When taken into custody the prisoner said he was not begging, but simply trying to sell fuses to persons entering the church. Mr. D'Eyncourt ordered him to be imprisoned for twenty-one days with hard labour.

INDUCING TO STEAL.—At the Leeds Assizes on Monday, William Stansfield, the barman who induced a young woman named Shaper sum of money from her father, an eating-house keeper and tobaccoist in Sheffield, was charged with theft and with receiving stolen money. He was found guilty, and, in arrest of judgment, said that Miss Shaper's character had not come out in its true colours. He also charged her with intemperance. The judge regretted the prisoner had so far forgotten himself as to cast suspicions on the young woman's character, and sentenced him to eighteen months' hard labour.

ATTENTIVE BURGLARY IN FLEET-STREET.—A well-planned attempt was made early on Friday morning last week to steal two valuable diamond necklaces from the corner window of the shop of Mr. Attenborough, at the turning into Chancery-lane. The steel shutter which guards the window was found pierced and the glass of the window broken. It is supposed that the thieves tried to hook some of the jewellery, but found their hook not long enough, though they were able to disturb many articles. Three suspicious men were seen by two printers hanging about the corner, and, from the account given by the printers it is believed that these men were the thieves, but no one has been captured.

THE WICKLOW PEERAGE CASE.—On Thursday last week the case of the Wicklow Peerage was decided in favour of the original claimant, and the extraordinary claim advanced by Mrs. Howard has been defeated. It would be satisfactory to add that the truth had been elucidated; but, except that Mrs. Howard's story has been disproved, the mystery of the case is almost greater than it was before. A certain number of witnesses must possess either extraordinary consciences or extraordinary powers of imagination. They may be allowed some share of the latter characteristic, for Lord Winchelsea justly observed that the story was only worthy to form the plot of a sensational novel.

LADIES IN ROME.—A letter from the correspondent of the *Daily News* at Rome, gives an account of the expulsion from that city of three English ladies, under circumstances which are said to have excited a good deal of indignation against the Papal Government. On the 24th ult. the ladies in question received a visit from three gendarmes and a police agent in private clothes, who made a thorough search of their lodgings. Two days afterwards they received orders to quit Rome in twenty-four hours. Sir John Russell and our consul, Mr. Severn, exerted themselves in the matter, and Cardinal Antonelli was communicated with. The Pope himself was appealed to, but all in vain. At the expiration of forty-eight

hours, a respite of twenty-four hours having been obtained, two of the ladies left Rome and went to Naples. The other has resolved not to leave until actually compelled. A rumour that the ladies had been engaged in unauthorised Italian Bibles is contradicted, and no reason whatever for the expulsion appears to have been given. It is thought that the order proceeded from the Pope himself.

SIR SAMUEL AND LADY BAKER.—Sir Roderick Murchison writes to say that he has read a letter from Sir Samuel Baker to his daughter, Mrs. Edith Marshall, dated Khartoum, Feb. 7, from which it appears that Sir Samuel and Lady Baker were on that day about to ascend the Nile to Gondokoro. The whole party were in good health and spirits, and expecting to reach that place about the 3rd of March. The steamers prepared by Mr. Samuda safely crossed the Great Desert under the guidance of Mr. Edwin Higginbottom, and were already on the route to the Albert Nyanza. Sir Samuel further announces that whenever he has any important news to communicate he will send it direct to Sir Roderick Murchison.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. PAYNE.—The funeral of the late Mr. Joseph Payne took place on Saturday at Highgate Cemetery. More than 2,000 persons were present, and among the mourners were the Earl of Shaftesbury, Sir William Bodkin, Mr. Serjeant Cox, and Mr. Pownall, chairman of the Middlesex magistrates. Mr. Justice Lush and other private friends sent their carriages. Deputations attended from various societies to whom Mr. Payne had rendered services, and numerous troops of children sang hymns at the close of the service. Two large wreaths of flowers were placed upon the coffin by Lady Bodkin and Miss Bodkin, and the children assembled round the vault strewn violets upon it.

THE GOVERNESS AGENCY CASE.—At Bow-street Police-court, Mr. Charles Ricketts and Miss Mary Ricketts, his sister (trading in the name of "Maude Hamilton") have appeared to the adjourned summons charging them with conspiracy and fraud, through the medium of alleged governesses and servants' agency establishments. Their solicitor addressed the court at great length, and stigmatised the prosecution as a most vindictive proceeding. His clients, he said, were of undoubted respectability. Mr. Flowers said he had no wish to give any opinion as to the conduct of the defendants; but as the present charges against them referred exclusively to the time when they were at Beaufort-buildings, and really receiving 15s. a-day, he thought the allegation of false pretence could not be sustained. He should, therefore, dismiss the summons.

THE SUPPOSITITIOUS CHILD CASE.—William Skelphorne and Sarah Skelphorne, his wife, who were convicted on this charge at a recent session, have come up for judgment. The defendants, it will be remembered, were convicted under very singular circumstances of conspiring together to induce a commercial traveller to believe that his wife had been delivered of a child, when in fact the child was one that had been obtained from a workhouse. Some legal points were doubtful, and the case had been remanded for further consideration. The Recorder said that these points had been carefully considered by Mr. Justice Byles, who tried the case, and he was of opinion that there was nothing in them to affect the verdict. The sentence he was directed to pass upon the defendants, therefore, was that they be imprisoned for three months.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—An action in the Common Pleas, "Baker v. Hearn," has been heard before Mr. Under-Sheriff Burchell and a jury at the Sheriff's Court, Red Lion-square, in which judgment was allowed by default, for breach of promise of marriage. The damages were laid at 500*l*. Mr. Butler Rigby was counsel for the plaintiff, Sarah Ann Baker, a straw-plait maker at Luton, and Mr. Armstrong, an attorney, appeared for James Hearn, who is now a baker at Essenden, Hertford. The parties became acquainted in the street, and the engagement lasted twelve months, and the defendant was now married. Several affectionate letters were read, and on the part of the defendant it was stated that there was no imputation on the young woman's character. The defendant could not pay large damages. Mr. Under-Sheriff Burchell told the jury to ascertain to loss the young woman had sustained, and the jury awarded 75*l*.

ANOTHER MUNIFICENT OFFER BY SIR F. CROSSLEY.—A letter has been received by the Mayor of Halifax from Sir F. Crossley, Bart., M.P., proposing to found a loan fund of 10,000*l*. to assist men and women, between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five, who shall have preserved a good character, and been resident in the town for at least two years prior to the application. As to the terms of the loan, there is to be no security asked beyond satisfying the trustees that the borrower possesses at least the reputation as he seems to have. Men may borrow not less than 30*l*. nor more than 300*l*.; women (spinners or widows) not less than 10*l*. or more than 100*l*. The interest to be paid will be at the rate of 2*1* per cent. per annum, and 10 per cent. of the sum borrowed is to be repaid annually to the fund. If the fund should ever accumulate to 30,000*l*. the trustees may distribute the surplus above that sum to such charities within the parish of Halifax as they may deem deserving.

PROTESTANTS AND ROMAN CATHOLICS IN HUNGARY.—A scandalous scene occurred the other day in the church of Lentzarto, in Hungary. A young man and a girl of the village came to this church to be married, and though the ceremony was to be performed by a Catholic priest, as both the bridegroom and bride were Catholics, several Protestants were present. This seems to have roused the anger of the peasants of the village. The ceremony had scarcely begun when several peasants, who had entered the church armed with guns, fired into the midst of the marriage party. Two of the bridegroom's friends were shot in the face, and others received more or less severe wounds. Fortunately the perpetrators of this outrage were not very numerous, and three of their ringleaders were at once arrested. On one of them (the son of a wealthy peasant of the village) was found a gun belonging to the priest who was performing the ceremony.

FRIGHTFUL CRIME.—A series of crimes was committed last week in the Commune de Pegomas (Alpes-Maritimes), by a gardener named Chauve. Having armed himself one morning early with a pruning-hook, he went to the bed of his daughter, aged fourteen months, took her up by the head, and deliberately cut her throat. He then went to a bed in which his two other daughters were sleeping, killed one, and was about to murder the other, when, hearing a noise behind him, he turned and saw his wife sitting up, just awakened, and scarcely yet conscious of what was passing. He then rushed on her, but the cries which she uttered brought to her assistance a neighbour also named Chauve, though no relation, who attempted, without success, to disarm him, and, being himself wounded, started off in quest of the gendarmes. The gardener, thus left alone, again attacked his wife, the other daughter making her escape into the street. The neighbours at length arrived with a party of police, and the

criminal was secured and carried off to the prison of Grasse. Since his imprisonment he has declared that for a month past he had meditated the destruction of the whole family, because he was embarrassed in his affairs. The wife has since died of her wounds.

LADY DOCTORS IN RUSSIA.—It is stated that the Russian Government has announced that women will hereafter be admitted to medical schools and to medical practice. The origin of this concession is remarkable. Formerly it was found that the Cossacks objected to being attended by male physicians. On investigation it was discovered that they held a superstition concerning all diseases, and that their only means of remedial agents related to the incantations, charms, and holy herbs administered by witches. For ages past which had been their physician, and the tradition was so strong that a few years ago, when some ladies applied to the Government for admission to the chief medical school of St. Petersburg, a few of them were admitted on condition that they would pursue their practice among the Cossacks. It was evidently intended to supersede the "witches." As the measure did not meet with any universal favour, and was a source of the empire, it seems to have been followed by a larger and more unconditional concession.

Notes Interesting and Odd.

HILDISH ARTLESSNESS.—Mothers often tell their children that they cannot love them if they are naughty, knowing all the while—if they are true mothers—that their hearts yearn over their disobedient ones. The wayward little rebels sometimes show the doubts they have concerning the mother's indifference to her assertion. A little three-year-old was recently reproved by his mother for some slight offence, and as a punishment she told him she could not love him any more if he was naughty. The little fellow showed his independence and faith by quietly replying, "I don't care, Desus loves me!"

THE AMERICAN LADY BARRISTER.—Miss Phebe Couzins, Esq., of St. Louis, attorney, etc., is described by Don Platt as a young woman about twenty-one, tall, well-formed, and strikingly handsome. Her hair is of the raven hue, and her heavy eyebrows and lashes give force to a most intellectual face. "She approached the stand with timid gracefulness that won all hearts before she said a word; and then assuming, apparently without design, an exquisite pose, she opened her lips, and the sweet voice came ringing out like coins dropped down a many-fathomed well."

BUIDED WITH HUSBANDS.—While Conrad III., Emperor of Germany, was besieging Guelph, Duke of Bavaria, in the Castle of Wunsberg, his commander received a message one morning from Guelph's wife, promising that the fort should instantly capitulate, provided she and the other women in the place were allowed to come out with as much as each of them could carry, and go whither they pleased. Her request was granted; and great was the astonishment of the Emperor when he saw the astute ladies marching forth, not loaded with jewels and knickknacks, as he had expected, but each with her husband on her arm. An accommodation with Guelph and his adherents was the result, and there were no more sieges in Bavaria during the reign of Conrad III.

ANECDOTE OF THE QUEEN.—A New York paper states that many years ago a somewhat singular, but a very pleasant interest took place between an intelligent and cultivated American lady and Queen Victoria. The lady had been to Germany for her health, and on her way home, stopping awhile in England, she was presented to the Queen. She received, as she thought in common with others, a few words of royal welcome. But the Queen seems to have been attracted by the demeanour of the refined American lady, and soon a request was brought that she would pay a visit at Windsor. The day was named, and at the appointed time a carriage was sent for her. Victoria and Albert received the lady alone in the library. Her Majesty said she had long desired an opportunity to learn from an American lady many particulars concerning the inner home life of a country so nearly allied to England. And she asked many questions about the social relations of different grades of society, the religious training of children by mothers; what intellectual education and accomplishments were considered essential for daughters of the better classes; how much mothers intrusted their children to servants; what influence was exerted by the clergy; and numerous questions of a kindred nature. A single interview was not sufficient for the Queen, and a second was appointed.

At its close, after many expressions of interest concerning the welfare of both countries, the Queen said, she also continued to one hand to Mrs., while the other rested on Prince Albert's arm: "There shall be no distrust between my country and your country if we can avert it."

PRESENTS TO THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.—The *Laborer Journal* states that when the Duke of Edinburgh was in that city he was careful not to accept presents of any great value, and those which he did accept, as well as the articles which he purchased, were specially selected for lightness and convenience of stowing away. The native princes, for the most part, gave him small articles illustrative of the style of art in their respective states, but the present given by the Maharajah of Cashmere deserves special mention. The first was the ordinary *khatul*, which consisted of 142 pieces of shawls and embroidered cloths. Then was produced a long shawl, the like of which had never been made before. Through the goodness of the work many of these had lost their sight. Its actual cost in Cashmere was estimated at 25,000 harrisinghs, equal to about 10 annas each, but as a work of art it was almost invaluable. The Prince at once refused to accept this extraordinary gift, and the Maharajah in great disappointment was about to lay it aside, when the happy thought struck him that it might be acceptable to the great Queen of Hindustan. He accordingly stated that this was a royal gift—it was made for royalty, and none other should wear it; would the Prince deign to accept it as a present to his royal mother? The Prince deigned accordingly. Presents of smaller value were then accepted by the Prince for himself; a fine square embroidered shawl, and a choga also beautifully embroidered, a cravat, a piece of pashm for making up into clothes, and a handsome gold jug of excellent Cashmere work. These were of a general value of 2,500 rupees.

"After thoroughly testing it, I believe your Vegetable Pain Killer to be the best medicine for diarrhoea I have ever known. It relieves the patient of all unpleasant symptoms without any shock or causing constipation. I consider it a most valuable family medicine, and do not willingly be without it."—E. T. BARRETT, *Surrey Chambers, Strand, July 10, 1869.*—To P. D. & Son."

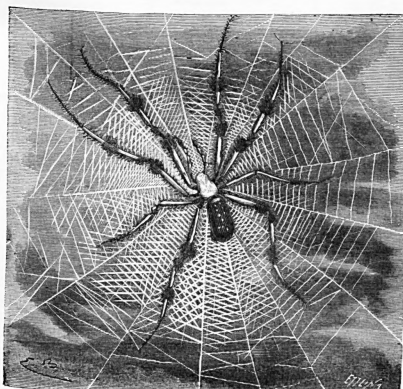
Romance of Natural History.

IN M. Menault's exceedingly interesting volume of what we may describe as anecdotal natural history, which has recently been introduced to English readers by Messrs. Cassell, the industrious author, in his efforts to prove the intelligence of animals, has brought together particulars that fully justify the title we have chosen for this brief paper. It is not our intention to attempt to follow the writer through his many attractive chapters, but rather to select a few of the more striking facts related, with accompanying illustrations:

WONDERFUL SPIDERS.—In the south of Europe, and also in the south of France, there are found spiders large in body, but very poor in silk. But these use well their small stock; not being rich enough to construct dwellings of silk, these mygales make tubes in the earth of diameters suited to the size of their bodies, and as the walls would be rough, they are adorned with hangings of the most beautiful silk, so soft that the inhabitant feels no friction when rubbing against such tapestry. This is not all; if the retreat remained open at the surface, the mygale might easily be seized by some hungry animal. This spider, therefore, makes a solid door with the earth thrown out in hollowing the tube. The door is cone-shaped, so as not to be pushed in by a pressure from without. On the outside it is uneven, like the soil; but inside it is carefully covered with a silky web. To a door you must necessarily have a hinge, and a bolt or a lock is often wanted; the mygale knows how to provide for all these necessities. The hinge is formed with such tough silk that it can offer a resistance surpassing belief. A semicircle of little holes, very regularly placed on the side opposite to the hinge, forms a kind of bolt. See what intelligence this spider shows when any one tries to open the door; she drives her claws into the little holes, pulls down with all her might, and thus defends her domicile. When the mygale wishes to go a-hunting, she pushes up the door, and lets it fall down again; on her return, she draws up the door with her claws, and re-enters. This is very like what is now done in many towns in the north of France, by the tenants of those lodgings where the door opens on the footpath. Again, every one notices, and few can help admiring, the magnificent webs of the common garden-spider. The art with which they are formed is wonderful. The ancients who examined these works understood all their beauty, and invented the pretty fable of Arachne.* The web was so perfect that its author seemed capable of rivaling a goddess. The spider, when about to construct a web, places a thread crossways between two branches, then arranges other threads beneath, which look as regular as if traced on a frame. From the horizontal thread the spider spins a vertical thread in a downward direction, and the centre of the work having been thus settled, the radiating lines are formed. Other threads are then spun, and the concentric circles constructed with a beautiful and wonderful regularity. Many have thought, for a long time, of utilising the web of the spider; but it is difficult to obtain a sufficient quantity. The ordinary thread is ninety times thinner than that of the silkworm, and, therefore, it is necessary to have 1,800 spiders' threads, according to Reaumur, to make a serviceable tissue. This circumstance prevents the industrial use, to any considerable value, of the silk of spiders. However, M. Lebon, president of the Parliament of Montpellier, in 1799, made some stockings and gloves, of a pretty grey colour, for Louis XIV., from this silk. M. d'Orbigny made, from the threads of a species of American spider, a pair of drawers, which lasted a long time. Travellers tell us that, in equatorial countries, spiders' webs are seen which have so much strength that they catch the humming-birds. It is even said that men break the webs with difficulty. The spider takes the greatest care never to leave at the entrance of its dwelling the corpses of which he has sucked the blood; this charnel-house would frighten its living food. Each time a fly has been immolated, it is dragged into a canal, and thrown into the lower opening. When we look at the floor of the den, we are surprised at the number of the spiders' victims.

ANECDOTE OF THE EAGLE.—Two boys had robbed an eagle's nest, and were going off with the young, when the mother suddenly returned, and made a desperate attack upon the spoilers. The boys defended themselves

* Arachne, proud of her spinning, challenged Minerva to a trial of skill, and, being defeated, killed herself. The pitying goddess turned the body of poor Arachne into a spider.



THE AMERICAN GEOMETRICAL SPIDER AND WEB.

with sticks, but had the narrowest possible escape from the fury of the exasperated bird. A small stream ran near, and, in order to give greater power to her wing, the eagle, at each swoop, dipped the feathers in the water, and then trailed the wet wing against the sand. Thus prepared, the stroke of the wing told upon the boys with double force. Here we have a bird availing herself of perfectly novel means to meet an unexpected emergency. Mere instinct would not have taught the eagle thus to use the water and sand.

MATERNAL DEVOTION OF THE PARTRIDGE.—The partridge has not a strong head, it is true; but maternal devotion is so manifested in this poor little creature that her heart must be the great source of intelligence. We do not know a better assorted union than that of the partridge. The male, once mated, is as tender and



THE EAGLE SEEKING ITS PREY.

faithful as his companion. Both love with all their heart, without fear or hesitation. The female deposits about twenty eggs, on which she sits with unequalled ardour during twenty-four days, and takes care to place them in such order that every one shall receive an equal amount of heat from her body. During the whole time of incubation, the male, a model husband, is ever by the side of his companion, with a solicitude, a happiness, and a kind of rapturous admiration, being ever ready to accompany her when she leaves the nest in search of food. As soon as the little ones are hatched, he shares with the mother the cares of their education; they lead them in common, call them incessantly, show them the food suitable for them, and teach how to procure it by scratching the earth with their claws. It is not an uncommon thing to see the old birds sitting down side by side, their wings covering the little ones, whose heads are peeping out on all sides. And then, if the sportsman's dog, having scented the nest, approach too near, it is always the male who takes flight first, uttering cries of distress, which betray his agony. He does not go away far; but stops at the distance of thirty or forty paces, hoping that all is not lost, and that the dog will have pity on his beloved family. But, no; the dog knows no pity for them. Then paternal love can no longer be restrained; the poor bird, not regarding his own weakness, sometimes even beats the dog with his wings. In a little time he again takes flight; but flies heavily, dragging his wings, as if to attract the enemy by the hope of an easy prey, always flying far enough, so as to escape being taken, but not far enough to discourage the sportsman. Thus he contrives to draw him further and further from the brood. La Fontaine attributes this sagacious manoeuvre also to the mother-bird. Buffon says that the female takes flight the instant after the male; always goes further, and in another direction. She does not despair; but returns immediately, running along the furrows, and approaching her little ones, all hidden in the grass, gathers them together quickly, and before the dog returns from pursuing the male, she has conveyed them far away, without the sportsman hearing the least sound. A nest was so placed on some land which was being ploughed that the next turn of the share must destroy it. When the ploughmen came to the spot, the nest was there in the very line of the plough, but the birds had gone, and all the eggs, in number about twenty, had disappeared. The men searched, and found the hen about forty yards off, sitting on the eggs, which were on the point of being hatched. In about a quarter of an hour the birds had managed to remove all the eggs. Here was a clear estimate of the danger, and the adoption of the best means of escape.

A series of prayer-meetings have been "inaugurated" by a "lady of fashion" in a New York church, and are attended in "demi-toilette."

Wine and Walnuts.

A QUIET LIFE.

A LITTLE crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor,
A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue eye, face so fair,
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate, and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within his laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time household store.

A little family gathering round,
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound,
A little added to his soil,
A little rest from harder toil.

A little silver in his hair,
A little stool, an easy chair,
A little night of Faith-lit gloom,
A little journey to the tomb.

WORKHOUSE BABIES.



MID the doubts and mysteries of the Wicklow Peasage case a fact was established, remarks the *Standard* suggestive of many surmises. It was that, at the Liverpool Workhouse the adoption of a new-born baby by a stranger is no extraordinary incident. Accepting the highest estimate, six or seven such bargainings of infants from their mothers' breasts took place every year; taking the lowest, twelve, within the last five years, are distinctly remembered. Now, we are not to suppose that the Liverpool illustration of a practice so startling is a solitary or even a very exceptional one. It follows, then, that there must be brought within family circles, continually, a number of nameless creatures, of unknown parentage, who are unconsciously playing false social parts, whether for the gratification of a yearning, a whim, or an ambition.

Nothing could be more idle than to assume that all these shoulders are wanted to wear the robes of an otherwise failing peerage, to huddle a wicked uncle or confound a remote kinsman, or that they are destined to be spurious heirs of besieged baronetcies, or that they serve to fill up gaps in the lineal descent of ancestral estates. For all we know, there may be childless women possessed by a passionate desire to lavish upon some frail beings, not their own, the simulated tenderness of mothers, to console themselves thus for the loneliness of their married existence, and to create in their hearts a pride, which, artificial at first, gradually grows to be natural. So have men, amassing riches, cast about for a stranger child to inherit them. Yet a curious circumstance is, that girls are not sought for. Whether they threaten a great responsibility; whether they do not equally respond to the maternal desire; whether they excite less interest and promise less reward for the care bestowed upon them, are questions which cannot easily be answered, unless we assume that there is some preponderating reason for the invariable choice of boys.

Well, let us not invade the field of the novel writers; the subject of supposititious children bought, stolen, or exchanged belongs to them, though not exclusively, since the revelations in the Wicklow story. Yet they would have managed better than did the workhouse mother; they would have registered a birth mark, or created a sign, sufficient for identification, on the person of the infant, to be used in the event of its turning up as an earl. And the lady claiming it as her own would have been careful to keep by her chest full of secret proofs. For all that, however, which in romance would have been done, and in real life was not, we are entitled to pause for a moment seriously upon the question—what becomes of these pauper nurslings, snatched from poverty, separated from their parents, educated in total ignorance of their origin, and introduced into the world under recognisable aspects? Surely never was one pointed out by his patroness as an Oliver Twist clasped in the arms of a second-hand affection, and warm from a union bed? No; they must be unconscious of the cloud, and somebody must meet them as they grow older; some kind of character must attach to them, and what? Eldest son and heir? Long-lost child and favourite? Nephew—the orphan of a beloved relative? Again, what? Does one of them, without knowing he is only an *umbræ*, wear a coronet? Does another gather in the rents of a large landed baronetcy? Does a third, with herald's help, periodically touch up an escutcheon? We fear that our romanticist, venturing upon these conjectures, would speedily find himself contradicted by the common sense of an every-day experience. The basis is excellent for sensation; yet though a suspicion may be justified that, at far intervals, an infant is



THE CRISIS.

pained off surreptitiously upon a generation always welcoming the expectant young, and flourishes in spheres of polish and wealth, the plain fact probably is, in a great majority of instances, that a class of good souls exists willing to take to their bosoms a gentle charge, and cherish it for human nature's sake. It must, more or less, walk the earth in mystery; and appear to be that which it is not. Possibly, in a few cases, important family arrangements are in this way affected. But, anyhow, the evidence in the Wicklow case clearly justifies the question—What becomes in after life of these adopted or purchased babies?

TOY WIVES.

(Abridged from the *New York Times*.)

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned helpmate? Or, perhaps—since cherished and wonder-striking specimens still linger here and there around us—we should rather say what is becoming of her? The notion appears to be slowly but surely gaining ground that for woman in her conjugal relation to help men is an absurd and exploded fallacy. "If I cannot be allowed to pet my wife," said a backsliding reformer in the *Woman's Convention* last week, "I shall not go for female enfranchisement." The observation is responsive to the notion we speak of. Women are to be pets, dolls, toys—creatures to be fondled, prettily dressed, played with—anything, in brief, but co-workers or helpmates to their husbands. There is always danger of exaggeration in the discussion of social topics; but it will hardly be said that we strain truth in affirming that, in our great cities at least, feminine responsibility in marriage is getting to be sadly attenuated, and that the fact argues no good for the average domestic happiness of the future.

Young men complain on all sides that they are not rich enough to marry. When thought of at all, this is commonly attributed to the hard times; but there were hard times long ago, and people then married and were given in marriage in the spring of their lives, before the freshness and gaiety of youth had departed and head and heart had alike grown grey in the struggle for gold. It was formerly thought that with health and strength one pair of hands could win bread for two, provided always that the cheerfulness abode in the home to take care of what was gained and impart the needful spirit to gain more. We have changed or are changing all that. More is expected now-a-days from the man and less from the woman. A girl with any pretensions to beauty or family looks, in marrying, to be maintained in luxury without physical effort of her own, and even those moral repayments which of yore were things of course—the thrift and cheerfulness abode in the home to fight the wind and the battle of life alone. It is no doubt true that this is in part the fault of the men. They want to "pet" their wives, to make babies of them, to array them in purple and fine linen, to see them dazzle the opera-house and saloon with their silks and ermine, and pearls and diamonds. Too busy to "dress" themselves, men have, in a fashion, assigned the monopoly to wives and daughters. The fact has tended to stimulate the greed of women for dress, and to augment their self-love, while naturally weakening their

powers of self-control and draining the purse of their husbands. The subject is one that admits of being estimated from many sides and discussed from different points of view; but there can be no harm, at a period when so much is said about the rights of woman that are unjustly withheld by man, in suggesting some slight consideration of the possible rights of man that are withheld by women. Whatever the result of such consideration with different thinkers, it will hardly be gained that women ought to have duties in life, whether they generally acknowledge and perform them or not; and that in this struggling century men have but a doubtful right to have, and women a still more questionable right to be, what we have stigmatised under the name of "Toy" wives.

The Humourist.

A COUP DE TA.—Baby's first speech.

FASHIONABLE QUERY.—Why is a lady in ball costume like a locomotive? Because she draws a train after her.

"Well, Alick, how's your brother like getting along?" "O, first rate, he's got a good start in the world, married a widow who has seven children."

A young lady being asked by a rich old bachelor, "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" replied, sweetly and modestly, "Yours truly."

Gone all the dreams of early youth—

Like morning's vanished ray!

Alas! that what we deem a truth

Should ever fade away!

Gone all the friends whom once I knew,

Companions of my prime;

I little thought such friendships true

Could perish ere their time;

Gone! gone! Except one—one that shows

How constancy endears:

My watchful watch! It never goes—

It hasn't gone for years!

An American paper gives the following reply to an imaginary correspondent: "There is no stated rule for writing love-letters. You should write on foolscap paper, and bear on as soft as you can, using words of such burning love that they will sizzle on the point of the pen. It is also advisable to sling in a bunch of pathos occasionally, such as 'Dearest Augustus, I love you with a passion larger than an elephant's; I think of you every day, and by-and-by, when the days grow longer, I shall think of you twice a day.' It is also well to put an ink-blot in the corner, with the observation, 'Darling, I kissed this spot,' or, 'I have a sigh in this vicinity.'"

(From Punch.)

A BENEVOLENT THOUGHT.—Mrs. Malaprop, understanding that women can act as Commissioners of Sewers, says she knows a great many poor seamstresses who would be very glad if ladies could give them work at better wages than they are now earning.

A RETIRING ADDRESS.—A Shy Manne.
BUTCHERS SUPERSEDED.
(According to Advertisement, by "The Cooked Meat in Tins," at 74d. per lb.)

Cooked meat in tins is coming into use,
Those meat-tins, Butcher dear, will cook your goose.

(From Fun.)

How Not to Do It.—To make thick turtle soup—eschew a book giving "clear" directions.

ROSSITT'S HAIR RESTORER is the only preparation which can be confidently relied upon for restoring grey hair to its original colour. It assists nature in supplying the colouring properties which may have become deficient through age or disease. Price 3s. 6d. per bottle.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

(These Announcements are inserted at the uniform rate of 2s. 6d. each.)

BIRTHS.

On the 2nd instant, at Gloucester-place, Hyde-park, the wife of H. Bonham-Carter, of a son.
On the 4th instant, at 54, Trinity-square, Southwark, the wife of the Rev. E. N. Wilson, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 5th instant, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, by the Rev. E. H. Cadock, D.D., Principal of Brasenose College, union of the bride, and the Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell, Alington, Portwick, Esq., son of the late Peter Portwick, Esq., M.P. for Exeter, to Alice Evelyn, daughter of the late Thomas Henry Lister, Esq., of Armitage-park, Staffordshire, and Lady Theresa Lennah.

DEATHS.

On the 1st instant, at 3, Little Sussex-place, Hyde-park, Sarah Hannah, wife of Mr. F. J. Green.
On the 28th inst., at St. Ebbelbert-street, Hereford, Miss Frances Theresa Parry, in her ninety-third year.

A CORNELIA OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE.—It was at one of these balls that a lady made a reply to Napoleon, on once *spirituelle* and affecting. Napoleon did not in general like any one to have a large *fon-taine* independently of his gift. He had never before seen Madame Cardou. Her name even was unknown to him, but he had been told that her husband possessed great wealth. Advancing towards her somewhat out of humour, he bluntly exclaimed: "You are Madame Cardou?" a profound courtesy replied to that question. The Emperor again spoke. "You are very rich." "Yes, Sire: I have ten children." The Emperor was sensible of all the *façade* and charm of this answer. His regard softened and he hastened away.—Translated from "The Memoirs of Madame de Genlis," by S. C. M.

PRECIOUS STONES.—What with pearl-fishing in the west and diamond mining in the east, not to mention gold-digging in all directions, Australia seems to be a peculiarly favoured country. According to the last accounts 225 diamonds were discovered during four weeks of the month of January, making a total of 984 stones already sent to England from Victoria alone. One party of diamond-seekers before Christmas had washed twelve loads of soil and obtained from it 110 diamonds weighing three and a half pennyweights, nine of them weighing one carat. This party estimated their earnings from the time they commenced working at 12l. a week. From Sydney 5,000 diamonds are certified to have been found by English diggers, while the numbers discovered by the Chinese cannot be ascertained.

STRANGE NOTIONS OF HEAVEN.—The Rev. E. L.—t, who resided some years at Hampton Court, had an old parishioner and communicant whom he had been visiting during a short illness. At last the medical attendant called and informed Mr. L.—t that the old man was dying, whereupon he immediately went to him to administer the sacrament, after which he told the old man's wife that her husband would not live long, and if there was anything she wished to say to him she had better do it whilst he was able to understand her. She immediately went to his bedside and said, "John, Mr. L.—t says you are going to die. I wish when you get to heaven you'd look out for my first husband, and tell him I've been don't pretty well sin for the last year, and I often wish I might see him again." The old man turned his eyes upon his wife with a deprecating expression, and, raising himself a little, he replied, "Lord help thee, Meary, how dost thee think that, 'owd and la'am as I be, I can go raunging all o'er heaven to find thy husband?"

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Many aggravating sores stand ready to pounce upon the aged, when an accident weakens any part, or over-fatigue and exposure to wet or cold have irritated the nerves, rendered exquisitely sensitive by the distended condition of the veins, and the partial obliteration of their valves. The Ointment is most potent in curing all cases of ulceration, abscesses, and bad legs, after every other means have failed, and the sufferings from them are utterly unendurable. Soon after the application of the Ointment coolness and comfort are obtained in the affected part, the patient finds himself more at ease, and daily becomes more hopeful, as with departing pains a visible growth of granulation comes forth,

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Any quantity of Ladies' or Gentlemen's LEFT-OFF CLOTHES. Broaded Silks, Satins, Point and all kinds of Lace, Indian and Fancy Dresses, Uniforms, &c., &c. Ladies or gentlemen waited on at any time or distance, and the full value paid in cash, by addressing Mr. or Mrs. PHILLIPS, 31, Thayer-street, Manchester-square, London, W. Parcels from town or country the full value sent by post-order. Diamonds, jewels, gold and silver bought. Established 1820.

LEFT-OFF CLOTHES.—Mr. and Mrs. PHILLIPS beg to inform ladies and gentlemen that they are in a position to offer much higher prices for all kinds of CLOTHING than any other persons, being received extensive orders from their agents in the colonies. All letters and parcels will receive prompt attention.—Address, 31, Thayer-street, Manchester-square, London, W. Established 1820. Cash only.

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LEFT-OFF CLOTHES, Point Lace, FURS—in fact, all articles of value—BOUGHT FOR CASH by Mr. and Mrs. PHILLIPS, 31, Thayer-street, Manchester-square, W. Cash only. Established 1820. Terms Ready Money.

LEFT-OFF CLOTHES, Uniforms, Court, Indian, and other Dresses, Gowns, Revolvers, Furniture, Bed and Table Linen, Antique China, Gold and Silver Jewellery, Diamonds, Pearls—in fact, all articles of value—BOUGHT by Mr. and Mrs. PHILLIPS, 31, Thayer-street, Manchester-square, London. Money orders sent for parcels. Established 1820.

LEFT-OFF CLOTHES.—Mr. and Mrs. PHILLIPS do not employ any agents in this country, and their only addresses are as follows: St. Mary-street, Montreal, Canada; Myers-street, Sandhurst, Victoria, Australia; and 31, Thayer-street, Manchester-square, London, W., where all letters and parcels will be addressed. Established 1820. Terms, ready money only. No connection with any other House of the same Name.

BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS.

"Resembling mother's milk as closely as possible."—Dr. H. BAKER on Right Food. "The infant thrives upon it as a Prince should."—Social Science Review. Highly nourishing and easily digested."—Dr. HASSALL.
No Boiling or Straining required.
This is, 2s. 6d., and 1s.

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Procureable of all Chemists and Italian Warehousemen. THE THROAT AND WEAKNESS OF VOICE.

TO LADIES.

"THE LADY'S OWN PAPER."

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COURT, FASHION, FICTION, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.,

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AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS OF EMINENT PERSONS,

AND

NEW DESIGNS IN LACE, BERLIN-WOOL WORK, AND THE FASHIONS.

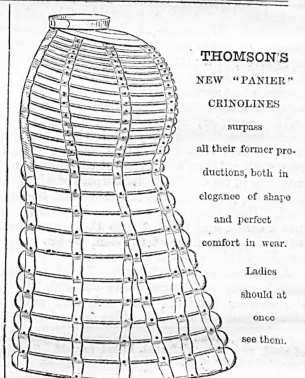
In the Portrait Gallery is continued this Week a SERIES of PORTRAITS embracing the COURTS OF EUROPE, in which appear not only the MEMBERS of the ROYAL FAMILIES, but the PRINCIPAL LADIES of the COURT and LEADERS of the FASHIONABLE WORLD.

The following Portraits (amongst others) of Eminent Persons have already appeared in the *Lady's Own Paper*—

Miss Braden
Adeline Patti
Mrs. Brown (Arthur Sketchley)
Jean Ingelow
Mrs. J. H. Riddell
Eliza Cook
Mrs. C. H. Hall
Agnes Stretton
Hon. Mrs. Norton
Mrs. E. M. Ward
Mary Howitt
Lady Eastlake
Lady Baker
Mrs. Thorneycroft
Miss Clara L. Balfour
Rosa Bonheur
Miss Herbert
Mrs. Gladstone
Miss H. Beecher Stowe
Annabella Goddard
Mrs. Gaskell
Agnes Stretton
Frances Power Cobbe
Mrs. Oliphant
Mrs. Scott-Siddons
Miss M. C. Nilsson
Empress Charlotte
Mrs. Emily Estlin
Miss Purbeck Counts
Countess Martineau
Annie Thomas
Mrs. Hemans

Mrs. Linton
Mrs. Gaily
Florence Marryat
A. B. Edwards
Lady Herbert of Lea
Kate Terry
Mrs. Barbauld
Dr. Elizabeth Garrett
Mrs. Charles Keen
Matilda B. Edwards
Mrs. E. M. Ward
Mrs. Elizabeth Fry
Mrs. Browning
Mrs. Carey Brock
Virginia Gabriel
Minnie Schumann
Mrs. Tighe
Sarah Lytton
The Princess Margaret
Mary Russell Mitford
Charlotte Brontë
Mrs. Eliott
Lady Kellough
Marguerite A. Power
Hannah More
Mollie Tilton
Lady Dufferin
Mrs. F. Flora Heilbron
Madame de Staël
Mad. Pauline Lucien
Countess Bunsen
Comtesse Waldemar
Gracie Aguilar

Fanny Kemble
Madame de Savigny
Joan of Arc
A. B. Edwards
Miss Carpenter
Mrs. E. M. Ward
Mrs. G. Linnaeus Bank
Friedrich Baur
Queen Isabella of Spain
Miss Hosmer
Louisa Pyne
Duchess of Sutherland
Miss Martineau
Miss Minnie Hauck
Hosmer
Charles Dickens
George Macdonald
Mrs. Norman Macleod
Minnie, Sainton Doby
Anthony Trollope
Edmund Yates
William Makepeace Thackeray
Mrs. Frances Trollope
Alfred Tennyson
John Ruskin
Mrs. Novati Paul
Balver Lytton
Mrs. Stirling
William Heworth Dixon
Mrs. Stirling
Rev. Chas. Kingsley
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Robert Browning



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MILES DOUGHTY'S VOICE
LOZENGES strengthen and produce a Voice melodious, sweet, and clear.
Testimonial No. 5,112.—Madame CHRISTINE NILSSON writes, August 2nd, 1869: "I have been first passenger train to Madlle. Christine Nilsson, Victoria Hotel, Preston, two boxes of Voice Lozenges, its such change."

Testimonial No. 845.—Jenny Lewis writes: "My experience confirms the testimony already so general in favour of your Voice Lozenges."

LOUISA FRY writes: "I have benefited much from the use of them."
ANNIE MORRIS writes: "I approve very highly of them."

SIR MICHAEL COSTA writes: "I am glad to give my testimony to their efficacy."
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Donations (either to the General or to the Building Fund) will be thankfully received by Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co.; Messrs. Ransom and Co.; or by the Secretary, at the Hospital, from 10 till 6.

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In the Pocket Kitchen you can poach or boil eggs, vegetables, &c., &c.; stew or fry kidney, frog, steak, sausage, chop, bacon, eggs, fish, &c. The Little Cuisine is available in the open fields, in railway carriage, on tour, excursion, or picnic; in sanctum, office, chamber, study, boudoir, or mountain-top; anywhere and instantly. Dinner prepared at the cost of about three farthings. Price 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d.; duplex, 7s. 6d.; of the Patent, T. G. PORTER, the Stalls Lamp Depot, 11, Oxford-street, London. Sent anywhere on receipt of three stamps extra.

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Resignation. The Border Sands.
Too late, too late. The Lord will provide.
Thou, O Lord God. The Pilgrim's Rest.
Jacob; Absealom. They shall hunger no more.
Oh! when wilt thou come unto me? Thou wert the first of all I know.

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A few doses will cure all incipient cases.

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